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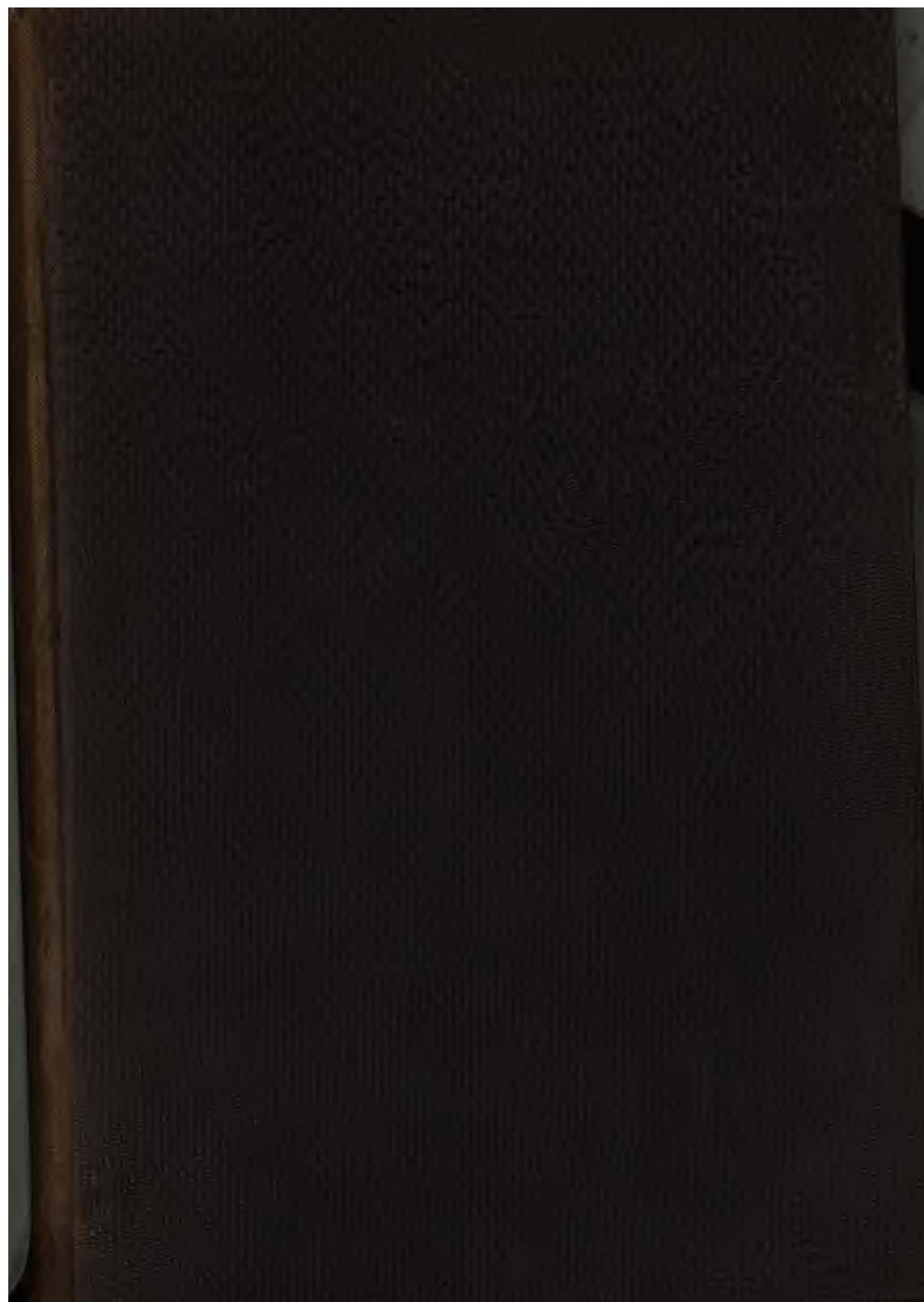
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A SKETCH OF
THE COMPARATIVE BEAUTIES
OF THE
FRENCH AND SPANISH
LANGUAGES,

BY

MANUEL MARTINEZ DE MORENTIN,

PROFESSOR OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE;

AUTHOR OF "ESTUDIOS FILOLOGICOS, DIFICULTADES PRINCIPALES DE LA LENGUA ESPAÑOLA."



A Paper circulated in the British Literary Society.

PRECEDED BY INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, BY
ALFRED ELWES, Esq.

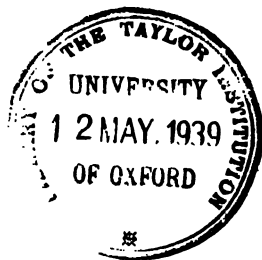
"The Spanish Language is nothing inferior to the most celebrated of those now in use, called the living languages; but rather equals them in all points; and, in many particulars, exceeds and surpasses them.

"It is sweet and harmonious; and yet, has at the same time, such a manly and majestic grace, that it at once becomes the mouth of the soldier, the courtier, the preacher, the statesman, and the nicest lady; and it is withal so copious that there is nothing wanting in it to express whatsoever can be found in all others put together."

(Preface to J. Stevens' *Spanish and English Dictionary*, London Edition, MDCCLVI.)

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T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THREE motives induce me to append a few words, by way of preface or introduction, to this agreeable "Sketch of the Comparative Beauties of the French and Spanish Languages."

First. The interest I take in all studies bearing upon subjects analogous to the present. Second. My desire to awaken a similar interest in others; and Third, The high esteem in which I hold the author.

Few studies are calculated to cause more intellectual delight than the examination of the analogies, the harmonies, and the diversities of languages. As, step by step, the student pursues his researches, new lights burst upon him; fresh ideas spring up in his mind: just as an attentive wayfarer in a new country discovers, as he climbs the mountain side, new prospects opened to his view, and more distant eminences yet to be attained.

If this be the pleasure afforded by philological researches,—and, that it is so, all who have ventured on the trial will readily concede,—how ill-advised must be the endeavours of a small section of students in the present day, to fuse all idioms into one heavy mass, and pompously style it a universal language.

Efforts of this kind must fail, and deservedly so. They must fail because, in order that they should succeed, we must be persuaded to sweep away not only some of our sweetest and dearest associations, such as those attaching to the words of childhood and youth, but all the glories of literature, the diversities of style, the power and pathos, the wit and humour which every tongue, as at present constituted, can convey to the understanding. The great charm of language is its diversity. We admire one idiom for its softness, another for its strength ; we praise one tongue for its manly grace, another for its copiousness ; we show a preference for one language on account of its simplicity ; for another because of its elegance ; but all these motives of choice and admiration would be destroyed, could the world, dreadful thought ! be induced to adopt a universal idiom.

Endeavours like these seem to have arisen in the minds of certain men through the annoyance they have felt at being compelled to master the intricacies

of other languages besides their own. It is a pity that such assiduous pains should have been so unworthily bestowed. The time and attention expended upon such an object would have sufficed to overcome the very difficulties which induced them first to begin the attempt; and they would have had the advantage in the latter case of discovering, at the close of the struggle, that they had been laying up intellectual food in the garner of the mind for after years of delight and satisfaction.

It was Charles V who quaintly observed that a man was so many times more a man as he knew different languages. Without admitting so broad an assertion, it will be easy to prove how much interest and advantage a man may derive from philological subjects. When once the first asperities, which attach to the elementary portions of all languages, are smoothed down, and the student begins to understand the etymology of a tongue, he makes at every step some fresh discovery, and finds that what he last acquired aids him to push still farther onwards. And when, at length, he is sufficiently advanced to read and comprehend the writers of the foreign idiom, it appears as though another world, hitherto scarce dreamed of, and teeming with life and beauty, grace and majesty, were unrolled before his gaze. Things

which he knew before are there presented to him under another guise, from a different point of sight. Many which he never knew are then made familiar to his mind ; and he can contemplate how climate and national feelings, how habits and institutions exert their influence upon mankind. This knowledge leads him to draw comparisons, not always favourable to his own land, and helps to clear away that prejudice which floats as a thick mist between his eyes and understanding. It helps to ripen his judgment by showing him that among every people there is something to be admired and learned, and that it is only the ignorant and shallow-minded who scoff at what they do not comprehend.

It may perchance be thought by persons who have not devoted particular attention to the study of languages as a means to the enlargement of the mind, that I lay too much stress upon the subject, and attribute to it an importance to which it cannot pretend. But I appeal from their judgment to that of others who have, in the humble and inquiring spirit of true students, sought out that source of learning, and bid them say whether I have exaggerated its value.

Having said thus much upon the study of languages in general, I turn to the particular sketch so ably treated by my friend. A phase only of the great

subject which I have so highly lauded, it will serve, perhaps better than a more pretentious production, to prove the force of my argument. A soldier, and a scholar, MARTINEZ DE MORENTIN approaches his subject with something of a military spirit, and charges at the errors he desires to overcome, with the same energy as he would mount a breach or sweep down upon a battalion. That energy, while it does not warp his judgment, lends a particular zest to his composition, and I shall be much surprised if it does not awaken sympathy and respect for the author, even where it may fail to carry entire conviction.

Whatever the causes which may have led to the general study of the French language, the fact of its universality in Europe is undoubted. It is known and spoken at every European Court, and the traveller upon the Continent finds it an indispensable medium of communication.

It may be that the very want of copiousness which distinguishes the French tongue, and which compels all men versed in it to express the same ideas in pretty nearly the same words, has made it in the first instance the idiom *par excellence* of diplomats and ambassadors, and has thus paved the way for its general introduction. Few, who are acquainted with both tongues, will attempt to deny the superiority of the Spanish in

almost every particular ; but it is not always the richest and most harmonious idiom which is best adapted for the common purposes of every-day life.

With these remarks, I leave Martinez de Morentin's Sketch to the attention of his readers. I delight that it thus affords me the opportunity of coupling my name with his own ; and if, as I have reason to believe, his Essay should meet with praise, no one more heartily than I will rejoice at such a consummation.

ALFRED ELWES.

London, May 1859.

A SKETCH,

ETC.

THE question of the relative grace and power of the Spanish and French tongues, has, on various occasions, given subject for discussion to the learned of the two countries. It has been frequently debated among linguists generally. It has excited considerable interest both at home and abroad; and will probably again and again arise while philology holds its rank in the walks of polite literature.

So far back as the year 1783, the Academy of Berlin offered a prize for the best essay bearing upon the subject. The theme ran as follows:

“Qu’est-ce qui a rendu la langue française universelle ?

“Pourquoi mérite-t-elle cette prérogative ?

“Est-il à présumer qu’elle la conserve ?”

Out of the very many compositions presented to the Academy, that illustrious body awarded the prize to the one written by A. C. RIVAROL; and, on the 31st January, 1786, the editor of the *Literary Year* (a weekly paper then published at Paris), on an investigation of

the merits of the essay, passed the following opinion : "The author has managed his subject in the most brilliant and advantageous manner for his own views. He has revealed himself throughout as a true Frenchman ; for, while speaking on behalf of his country, he takes little heed of wounding the self-love of other peoples. He draws but superficially the characteristics of the most distinguished nations of Europe, and endeavours to unravel the political and literary causes which have prevented their respective languages from attaining the honour of 'universality' awarded to the French. He may, perhaps, be accused of diminishing the glory with which certain idioms were crowned, even in France, before the French tongue had been so sensibly improved. We do not think he would have injured his cause by confessing that the Spanish and Italian, at one period, formed a prominent part of French education ; and that, down to the time of Corneille, the whole of French literature was Spanish."

One of the most prominent, if not the strongest, of the literary reasons advanced by Rivarol for proving that the Spanish language could not acquire the universality of the French, was, "that the writings of Cervantes and Lope de Vega were not sufficient to satisfy French taste and European exigencies"; and he added, "that Cervantes lost nothing in translation, whilst Vega, being greatly his inferior, was soon imitated and surpassed."

This assertion does not merit the honour of serious refutation. We prefer leaving it to the impartial linguist to decide whether *Don Quixote* could, in any

French version, display the endless beauties and witticisms, the numberless humorous sallies, with which the original is replete; whether the chivalric language of the hero, and the broad drollery, yet sound sense, of PANZA could be reproduced, without a loss of strength, in a language so dissimilar; particularly when such renderings as the following are of no uncommon occurrence, "*il prit la route de St. Jacques*", for "*tomó las de Villadiego*"—an unpardonable blunder, which converts the original into a pointless and meaningless phrase.

RIVAROL further advanced, "*que la magnificence de la langue espagnole cachait une pauvreté réelle.*" It is easier to make such an assertion than to support it. When drawing his comparison between the Spanish and the French, he should have borne in mind that he ought not to have inferred a paucity of words connected with the "arts and sciences", from a deficiency of terms relating to, and bearing upon, such arts as *clock-making, mineralogy, wig-making, dyeing*, and the like;¹ inasmuch as those terms merely conveyed and explained the meaning of operations which were scarcely, if at all, known at that time in Spain.

But if it be even admitted that the Spanish tongue

¹ It will be easy for the reflective reader to infer how considerable must have been the increase of words of this kind in the Spanish dictionaries between 1784 (the year in which Rivarol's essay was published) and the present; although we are in duty bound to confess that Spain has not kept pace, as regards the arts, sciences, and invention, with the other nations of Europe. Still, modern additions to the technical vocabulary have nothing to do with the period referred to by Rivarol.

is not so copious as the French in terms relating to, or in connexion with, astronomy, hydraulics, chemistry, etc., such deficiency cannot be called "real poverty" (*pauvreté réelle*), for, in point of fact, the vocabulary of science and philosophy belongs to no particular nation. It is Greek or Latin, or is formed by analogy from the living languages; or the words are derived from Greek or Latin roots, and furnished with such terminations as are considered to be most in harmony with the idiom that adopts them.

If the French language bases its claims to the universality it possesses, upon its having, to a certain extent, become the *vulgar idiom* of science and art, what powerful rival claims could not be advanced, upon that score, by the English, whose technical dictionary knows no bounds? But even granting, for the sake of argument, that such is the case, we will proceed to examine the question calmly and dispassionately, and doubt not our being able to produce ample proofs of the hollowness of such claims when compared with the Spanish, particularly as regards copiousness in the usual language and idiomatic forms of daily life.

And at starting we do not hesitate to say that the French language is very defective in the generality of *simple collective nouns* denoting in one word the soil and its productions, and the various kinds of trees. The following will exemplify our meaning: *madroñal*, *pinar*, *acebuchal*, *olivar*, *naranjal*, *trigueral*, *cebadal*, *maizal*, *zandial*, etc.; to express which a Frenchman will find himself compelled to employ such circumlocutions as, "bois d'arbousiers", "bois de pins", "bois d'oli-

viers sauvages", "lieu planté d'oliviers", "lieu planté d'orangers", "champ semé de blé", "champ semé d'orge", "champ planté de melons d'eau", etc.

And again, what words are there in French which denote, and are individually equivalent to, certain Spanish words, such as the *fruits* of trees, or the *produce* of the soil? *La naranja*, for instance, becomes converted into "pomme d'orange"; *la piña*, "pomme de pin"; *el tomate* reappears as "pomme d'amour"; and *la patata*, "pomme de terre".

What simple French words are equivalent to the Spanish, *pedregal*, *cantizal*, *guijarral*, etc.?

On the one hand, if the Spanish does not possess the French terms, *matinée*, *soirée*, *nuitee*; the French does not, on the other, possess the equivalents of *madrugada*, *mesada*, *semanada*, *veranada*, *otoñada*, *invernada*, and many similar ones.

If, on turning from the vegetable kingdom, we refer to animated nature, what a void do we not discover in French with respect to collective nouns? The simple generic French noun, *troupeau*, becomes in Spanish, *rebaño* or *hato*, when applied to "bêtes-à-laine" only, and *piara* when referring to swine. But where will the student find French equivalents for the Spanish *vacada*, *boyada*, *torada*, *carnerada*, *borricada*, *caballada*, *yeguada*, *muletada*, and the like? In order to render such terms he will find himself obliged to resort to a whole phrase, with the unending *troupeau* at its head, and say, "troupeau de vâches", "troupeau de bœufs", "troupeau de taureaux", and so on.

Still we will not deny to the French, with regard to

the general nomenclature of words, both accuracy and precision where, in other tongues, we meet but trammels and grammatical slavery. But this much granted, we unhesitatingly declare that it possesses nothing of that epic character, nothing of that musical cadence and free construction, for which the Spanish is notoriously remarkable.

The preeminence which one language possesses over another is traceable to two main causes, harmony and copiousness. With respect to the former quality, the regular and well-ordered distribution of accents in the Castilian tongue, arising from the abundance of long, short, and acute words with which it is supplied, and the advantage derivable from its unembarrassed construction,—the writer being always at liberty to arrange his words as they may sound most harmonious, even to the disregard of strict syntactical formula,—are productive of that musical effect which satisfies the sense and delights the ear. As regards the latter quality, the copiousness of the Spanish idiom is such that it can express with equal propriety the sublime and awful truths of religion, and the softest and tenderest effusions of pastoral poetry; while its fitness for translation is proved by the several versions of foreign works which preserve in Spanish their characteristic energy and beauty of style. We may instance in particular the fine translations from the Latin: among others the works of TACITUS, and those of SALLUST, by his Serene Highness DON GABRIEL, Infante of Spain. If we append to these facts the favourable circumstance that the Spanish tongue, like the Italian, abounds in *aug-*

mentatives and *diminutives*; that it is fertile in compound, frequentative, and imitative verbs; that it is plentifully supplied with proverbs¹ and quaint sayings,—we may confidently lean to the belief that RIVAROL never committed a grosser blunder than when he spoke of the “*pauvreté réelle de la langue espagnole*”.

The mute sounds of the vowels in the French tongue, together with its harsh monosyllables and iron-bound construction, are, as may readily be believed, a considerable drawback to that fashionable idiom; and if we add, that it does not admit the happy inversions of the Spanish, Italian, and English languages, we behold it deprived of that melodious beauty which those tongues have inherited from the mother stock, especially from the Latin.

In support of this, we will merely refer to LUCIUS MARINEUS SICULUS (although other authors might be quoted), who, in ch. 5, “*De lingua qua nunc utantur Hispani*”, asserts that the Spanish retains more of the Latin than any other language, and that it exceeds in *beauty* and *elegance* all others; adding that, of all the other languages, now corrupted, but derived from the Latin, the SPANISH is the nearest to the Roman way of

¹ The collection made by DON JUAN DE YRIARTE alone contains more than twenty-four thousand. As a further proof of the richness of this manly language, we beg the reader to peruse, if conversant with Spanish, the interesting letters of “*Blasco de Garay*”, all written in proverbs,—a work difficult and original of its kind,—and five novels by the same author, in each of which there occurs the omission of a vowel: the first, for instance, containing no *a*, the second no *e*, and so on,—a curiosity that could not be so easily produced in other tongues. (See *Discours sur la manière d'apprendre les langues*, etc., par ANAYA.)

speaking, and that it is more elegant and sweeter than all the rest, the Greek and Latin only excepted. In speech it is grave, sonorous, and of exquisite melody, containing much of the slow and stately manner of the Orientals, who seem sensible that the power of speech is a privilege bestowed on man.

As regard euphony and oratorical structure, of which mention has been made, the reader shall judge for himself, on a bare comparison of the following words in the two languages:

SPANISH.			FRENCH.		
Abuelos.	Pulso.	Huevo.	Aïeux.	Pouls.	Oeuf.
Aguas.	Aires.	Olas.	Eaux.	Airs.	Flots.
Lagos.	Desnudo.	Riesgos.	Lacs.	Nud.	Riscs.
Cortes.	Mudo.	Cuidados.	Courts.	Muet.	Soins.
Peso.	Medio.		Poids.	Milieu.	

How striking a difference is there in the intonation of these words! The former are soft, full, and sonorous; the latter cannot fail to offend the most unmusical ear,—even that of a German, who, whilst proclaiming the sounds in MALDONADO and RODRIGUEZ harsh and unpleasant, declares euphonious and tender those in MUSCHENBROCK and SCHWARZFLEISCH.

But the Spanish tongue has other claims to distinction than sweetness and harmony. If we were inclined, and our space allowed us, to dwell upon its power for irony and original wit, we could fill many a page with the remarkable sayings to which it has given birth, even from the lips of most illiterate clowns. We cannot, as it is, refrain from quoting two or three as fair specimens of the *sal Atticum*.

A muleteer observing that a barber, when in the act of commencing the operation of shaving a customer, had a very tremulous motion of the hand, exclaimed, “¡ Vaya, amigo: que lindas manos tiene usted para robar sonajas !” (‘Faith, friend, what hands you have for stealing timbrels !’) The idea and words alike speak for themselves, and require no comment.

MACHUCA, an old muleteer, being compelled, from pressure of business, to leave Seville for Madrid, was asked why he did not wait a day longer, when he replied: “Reniego de mi oficio; véa usted que dia mañana de arrear bestias, que por permission de Dios, ni las moscas habian de volar.” (Curse on my trade ! just see what a day tomorrow is to drive cattle, when, with God’s permission, not even the flies should flap a wing !) What orator or poet could farther heighten the sanctity of the Lord’s day ?

A poor labourer, MADRONAL by name, complained that, in his native place (Utrera), some partiality had been shewn in the allotment of land, whereby he was deprived of a portion which, in his opinion, was much more productive in grain than the one that had fallen to his lot. On his being asked if the other really did produce more, he answered: “¡ Como mas grano ?..... Si Dios se sienta alli, á echar trigo.” (More grain, indeed ! Why, God sits there pouring it out !) Was ever greater pregnancy of thought confined in fewer words ?

To return, however, from this digression. RIVAROL, in advancing the dictum, “On s’aperçut donc, que la magnificence de la langue espagnole, et l’orgueil national cachaient une pauvreté réelle”, overlooked the fact that

the copiousness of the usual and general dictionary of the Spanish language springs from an inherent source of wealth. All is its own: nothing is borrowed from another, nor can it be imparted.

We will here set down, by way of elucidation, some random instances of this truth. When the most eloquent French orator wishes to designate various kinds of commanders, all his fluency of language cannot supply him with other than the vague and generic term, "chef", while the most unlettered Spanish clown can employ *caudillo*, *capitan*, *cabeza*, *cabo*, *caporal*, and *gefe*, according to circumstances, degrees of authority, and the like. And these same words not only convey such a sense of superiority, degree of authority, etc., but each has a separate and characteristic application, as for instance, *cabeza de motin*, *cabo de una ronda*, *caudillo del Pueblo de Dios*, *gefe de un departamento*, *oficina*, etc.; it being in no case permissible to say *gefe de motin*, *gefe de una ronda*, *gefe del Pueblo de Dios*.

When the most profound and exact French philosopher struggles hard with the generic word "maître", in his desire to express different shades of superiority, yet finds no other, the most illiterate Spaniard can either make use of the precise term, or supply its place with one of the following correlatives, *soberano*, *dueño*, *amo*, *señor*, *maestro*, *maestre*, etc.

And this same French language which boasts so complacently of its universality, calls the "executioner" by the high-sounding compound title, *maître des hautes œuvres* ("maestro de obras altas"), *master of high works*, if it be desired to escape the inharmonious term, *bourreau*.

The foregoing examples and remarks will sufficiently prove to the student that, although the French tongue has no lack of words adapted to science and the arts, it is indeed most meagrely supplied with those most in common use.

Another instance of this will be found in the word "bois", in Spanish *madera*. If we Castilians were confined to that word only, as the French are, to convey both the meaning of "bois", a *forest*, a *wood* (in Spanish "monte", "bosque"), and "bois-à-bruler", *firewood* (in Spanish "leño", "leña", "madero", "palo"), then that scarcity, that "*pauvreté réelle*", spoken of by RIVAROL, would be acutely felt.

And again, if we were compelled to say *bestias de cuerno* for "bêtes-à-cornes", in lieu of *ganado vacuno*, a more noble combination; or instead of the still more polished expressions, *ganado de cuerno*, *ganado de astas*; and if, in the place of our word *biznietas*, we were forced to adopt the queer combination of the French, "arrière-petites-filles" (*tras-pequeñas-hijas*),—RIVAROL might then, with some better show of reason, have talked of "la pauvreté réelle de la langue espagnole."

A first class English scholar¹ has remarked that the Spanish tongue, far from deserving to be looked upon as a corruption of the Latin, ought rather to be considered as an improvement upon that language; for, in

¹ CAPTAIN JOHN STEVENS, author of an English-Spanish dictionary, a work of merit, and for which he deserves the highest encomium, on account of the zeal he has therein displayed to promote the advancement of learning.

his opinion, it excels the latter in many points, and particularly in the abundance of its terms, several frequently springing from a single root. In proof of this he instances the word *tierra* (earth), from which no fewer than six substantives are formed, viz., *terrero* (a parade), *terreno* (soil), *terrado* (a terrace), *terron* (a clod), *terremoto* (an earthquake), *territorio* (a precinct), together with the adjectives *terrenal*, *terrestre* (earthly, terrestrial), and the verbs *desterrar* (to banish, exile), *enterrar* (to inter, bury), *desenterrar* (to disinter, ex-hume), *aterrar* (to frighten, alarm), etc. CAPTAIN STEVENS would seem, however, to have lost sight of the fact that this identical Latin word, *terra*, has been abundantly fruitful of derivatives to many European languages besides the Spanish; and the following instances will shew that the French itself has not been slighted, *déterrer*, *enterrer*, *terrasser*, *enterrage*, *terrain*, *terrasse*, *territoire*, *souterrain*, etc.

It would be an endless task were we to follow up the parallel through all the minutiae which offer subject for remark. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing that such a simple word as *polvora* (gunpowder) must be rendered into French by *poudre-à-canon* ("polvos de cañon"), to avoid mistaking it for any other kind of powder, whether for the hair or otherwise; and that the term *herradura* (horse-shoe) must figure in French as a *fer-à-cheval*, although applied to any other beast of burden than the horse, viz. the mule, ox, or ass.

If we turn from the simple and primitive words to derivative and compound nouns, what a mine of wealth and variety is there not opened up for the contempla-

tion of the philological and reflective mind ! Where could the student meet, in the French language, with the equivalents of the Spanish *alicaído* (with depressed wings), *aliquebrado* (broken-winged), *barbiteñido* (beard-dyed), *barbilampiño* (thin-bearded), *barbi-blanco* (white or grey-bearded), *barbiponiente* (with the beard growing), *barbilindo* (well shaved and trimmed), *barbinegro* (black-bearded), *pelilargo*, *pelirubio*, *pelicano*, *pelicorto*, *perniabierto*, *perniquebrado*, *zanquilargo*, etc.

We will not venture to wear out the patience and goodnature of our readers with a volume of other examples which it would be easy to adduce ; we cannot, nevertheless, leave this part of our subject without citing another instance, which, though totally unconnected with metaphysics or abstract science, is remarkable in the way of derivatives. We allude to the word *perro* (dog). The Spaniards, even in their sportiveness with this faithful companion of man, have enriched their language with a variety of words, all of which owe their origin to the primitive *perro* (in French *chien*, and *chien* only). Thus we find the simple derivations, *perrito*, *perrillo*, *perrico*, *perrazo*, *perruno*, *perrero*, *perrera*, *perrada*, and the compound ones, *aperreado*, *emperrado* ; and besides these, *canino*, *canina*, *caninez*, from *CAN* ; still *chien* in French, and *chien* only.

And if we revert to the energetic compound words, *perniquebrado*, that is, *à jambes rompues* (with broken legs) ; *maniatado*,—*lié aux mains* (with the hands bound), we shall seek in vain for anything like them in French. Find also, if you can, in the very best of

French dictionaries, a specimen of simple words embracing, at one and the same time, an action and its effect or result, as illustrated in the following : *escopetazo*, *pincelada*, *puñetazo*, *cañonazo*, *garrotazo*, *puñalada*, *cuchillada*, etc. Frenchmen are compelled, in such cases, to render their meaning with a foolish repetition of *coups*, and say, “coup de fusil”, “coup de pinceau”, “coup de poing”, “coup de canon”, “coup de bâton”, “coup de poignard”, “coup de couteau”, etc.; as if we should say in Spanish, *golpe de fusil*, *golpe de pincel*, and so on. Surely there is neither strength nor elegance, neither beauty nor precision, in such a shower of French *blows*.

Let it not be thought that we have devoted much time to search out these ugly features of the physiognomy of the French language. In proof, let the most incurious student open the first vocabulary of that tongue, and they will at once stare him in the face. Still, justice demands that we should not withhold, where it is in our power, the admission of any advantages possessed by the French over the Spanish tongue. The inferiority of the latter is visible, for instance, in the word *físico*, which has to perform the double office of a substantive and an adjective; while in French *physique* and *physicien* are perfectly distinct, each conveying to the mind its proper sense and bearing. In like manner, the words *mathématique* and *mathématicien* are rendered by *matemático* only in Spanish. To counterbalance this deficiency, however, the Spaniards possess *sacrilegio* and *sacrilegio*, *homicida* and *homicidio*, *suicida* and *suicidio*; where the French have

merely *sacrilège*, *homicide*, and *suicide*, thereby confounding both the act and its perpetrator.

For our *ruego*, *suplica*, *plegaria*, *oracion*, *preces*, *rezo*, and *rogativa*, they have their generic *prière*, and the words *supplique*, *supplication*, and *oraison*; but the particular shade of meaning attributable to each, compels the writer to be watchful as to his mode of using them.

Our *prisionero*, *encarcelado*, *apresado*, *arrestado*, *confinado*, etc., find a meagre counterpart in *prisonnier*: and our *niño*, *niña*, *muchacho*, *muchacha*, *hijo*, *hija*, are indifferently represented by *garçon*, *enfant*, *filz*, *fille*, and the adjective *petit*, *petite*; very expressive and endearing words, no doubt, but which lack the regularity of the Spanish with their masculine and feminine terminations.

The words *poder*, *poderio*, *potestad*, and *potencia*, must perforce be rendered by *puissance* and *pouvoir*; while *fraile* (a monk),—*moine* in French, has no fewer than seven derivatives, to wit, *fraileria*, *frailada*, *fraillesco*, *frailuno*, *afrailado*, *frailero*, and *frailia*, together with the verbs *enfrailar* and *desenfrailar*. Be it said, however, in this place, that it would have been well for Spain if she had shewn less familiarity with the class of men who are thus abundantly supplied with epithets, for the decline of the nation is surely traceable in part to the multitude of these drones in the industrial hive.

As a counterpoise to the foregoing, we may cite in favour of the French language, that it does not fall into the *équivoque* of having but the one word, *barba* (beard), to express both *barbe* and *menton* (chin). The Spanish

pastor (shepherd) is also more copiously rendered by *berger*, *pasteur*, and *pâtre*; *oveja* (ewe) becomes *brebis* and *ouaille*; *negro* (a black) can be expressed by both *nègre* and *noir*; and *hambre* (hunger) by both *faim* and *famine*.

The advantage is also on the side of the French tongue with respect to a number of words connected with inland navigation and the transport of timber, merchandize, and provisions. The fact is easily accounted for. Spain (we regret deeply the confession) is sadly deficient in canals and railways; and, until such deficiency is supplied, the terms which appertain to these great highways will naturally be wanting. The scarcity thus shewn to exist in Spanish, is in turn experienced by the French tongue in the case of many words,—some of them, it is true, of no great practical utility,—which serve to enrich the language, and whose redundancy is a strong confutation of M. DE RIVAROL'S charge of "*pauvreté réelle*". Among others we may cite those below, for which it would be difficult to find equivalents in French :

Almoxarifazgo.	Sexmo.	Adelantamiento.
Yantar.	Santa Hermandad.	Encartacion.
Alcabalatorio.	Alcaldia de Corte.	Anteiglesia.
Cabaña real.	Ganaderia.	Corregimiento.
Agostadero.	Recua.	Pastoria.
Trashumante.	Luctuosa.	Rabadan.
Merindad.	Alcabala.	Arriéria, etc.

It must ever be matter of wonder, knowing, as we do, the high claims advanced by France as a nation to polish and refinement, that she should consent to allow

the continuance in her language of sounds imitative of the repulsive grunt of the hog, such as those which terminate in *oin*, so justly criticized by VOLTAIRE; and still more, of the discourteous, nay, indecent word *cul*, in such combinations as the following:

Cul de chapeau.	Cul de four.
Cul de lampe.	Cul de basse fosse.
Cul de sac.	Cul d'âne.
Cul de cheval.	Cul blanc.
À écorche cul.	Cul de jatte.

In the verbs *culbuter*, *reculer*; and in the nouns *culotte*, *culeron*, *culière*, *culasse*: the last, with wonderfully bad taste, imported into Spanish, without the slightest necessity, under the designation of *culata*.¹

If we have brought against the language of France such charges as the foregoing, we are not blind to the drawbacks and irregularities of our own. To cite one, for instance, the confounding the sounds of the two consonants *v* and *b*.

The Spanish Academy made a laudable attempt, in the last edition of its orthography, to correct an anomaly as striking as it is inconvenient. The endeavour ended, however, in failure. The proper enunciation of the sound of these two letters has been lost to the Castilian for ages; and the present confusion, which seems likely to be permanent, is not to be attributed, as the Academy feigns to believe, to the inattention and negligence of parents and teachers, but to the fact of the two letters having, in process of time, both become soft and blended into one.

¹ PUIGBLANCH, *Opusculos Gramatico-Satiricos*, v. 2, p. 492.

It is a most singular fact, that while foreigners in general are offended by the guttural sound of the *j* (the *jota*), the Castilian ear is so reconciled to it as to need no change; but it has a prodigious dislike to the hard sound of *b*, which originally existed in the language, and has succeeded at length in banishing it altogether. Such is the force of habit! Such the iron rule of usage!

With respect to the general fulness of sound prevalent in Spanish words, RIVAROL himself—perchance in an unguarded moment—has frankly owned that, if the Provençal had prevailed in the composition of the French tongue, it would have borne away the palm from both the Spanish and Italian; but that the *patois picard* having obtained the supremacy, the language had embodied the method and imbibed the rigid perspicuity of that peculiar jargon, and at the same time adopted so many of its obscure and out-of-the-way sounds for which the French tongue is so remarkable.

And surely RIVAROL could not have had an ear so unmusical as not to have been struck with the sonorousness and roundness of the Spanish pronunciation while studying the Spanish classics; particularly if he chanced to meet with words similar to the following: *heredamiento, remordimiento, contentamiento, desenfrenamiento, cautividades, inhumanidades, dulcedumbre, mansedumbre, servidumbre*; or with such adjectives and adverbs as, *hermosísimo, violentísimo, clementísimo, superabundantísimamente, irracionalísimamente, desinteresadísimamente, contrarevolucionariamente*; or with some of the apostrophes of our divines, like the following of GRANADA (FRAY LUIS):

“¡ O dulcísimo amador de las álmás limpias ! ¡ O
 “dulcedumbre mia santa ; esperanza mia segura ; cari-
 “dad mia perfecta ; vida mia eterna ; alegría y bien-
 “aventuranza mia perdurable ! ¡ Dios mio ! vida mia !
 “única esperanza mia ; muy grande misericordia mia,
 “y dulcedumbre bienaventurada mia ! ¡ O todo amable !
 “¡ O todo deleitable ! ” etc., etc.

It is from the happy combination of soft and sonorous words with those of a harsher sound, that Spanish phrases acquire a harmony that charms and soothes the ear. What beauty is there not perceptible in the phrases subjoined ! particularly when read aloud, and with the proper emphasis and intonation :

“Ya entrambos mundos peregrinando el hombre,” etc.

“¡ Invicto y potentísimo monarca ! ”

“El aspero favor del mar airado,” etc.

“¡ Angelica y dulcísima alegría ! ”

And the same FRAY LUIS GRANADA, on extolling the attributes and perfections of the Divinity in a “Paradiostele”, addresses to the Most High the following fervent supplication :

“¡ O invisible, y que todo lo vés, inmutable y que
 “todo lo mudas ; á quien ni el origen dió principio, ni
 “los tiempos darán fin ! Vos soís el que criasteis todas
 “las cosas sin necesidad, y las sustentais sin cansancio,
 “y las rejis sin trabajo, y las moveis sin ser movido !
 “Vos estais dentro de todas las cosas ; y no estrechado
 “—fuéra de todas, y no desechado ; debajo de todas, y
 “no abatido ; encima de todas, y no altivo,” etc.

We could fill a folio volume by merely quoting passages from various writers, to prove the beauty, energy,

and force of a language which has few compeers and no superior; but we hold our hand to make a few remarks upon another rash assertion of M. DE RIVAROL, viz., "that Spain, in spite of her many losses, would not have had so rapid a downfall, if she could have sustained by her literature the curiosity then springing up, and spreading over the continent of Europe, for new and interesting works in every branch of polite and philosophic research and *belles lettres*."

The natural inference to be drawn from the foregoing, is, that Spain had no such literature as RIVAROL asserts was needed; but we beg emphatically to state that the literature of Spain was very far from being, at that time, so insignificant as our author would make it appear. We may, too, in contradiction to his opinion, observe that it has been frequently remarked that Spanish literature is a mine of wealth singularly productive, enriching many others, and itself remaining hidden and comparatively unknown. This assertion, though fanciful, scarcely oversteps the modesty of truth. Between 1500 and 1684 (one hundred and eighty-four years), there flourished no fewer than seven thousand three hundred and sixty-five writers,¹ belonging to every department of literature,—natural philosophy, perhaps, only excepted, whose progress was checked by the Church, by weak monarchs, and the Inquisition. And even granting that the literary glory of a nation consists rather in the quality than the number of its productions, still, in that long list, there are many names which posterity will not let die.

¹ NICOLAS ANTONIO, *Biblioteca Hispana Nova*.

The influence of that period is felt even where the names of particular authors may not be remembered. This is especially the case with the drama, which has served as a model¹ to other nations; and notoriously to the French, whose early dramatic writers, not content with imitating the Spaniards, borrowed from them the subjects of many of their pieces. "We are proud of our literary riches," exclaims a Frenchman (*Esquisse d'un Tableau historique de la littérature espagnole*; VICTOR RENDU, Paris, 1840); "and with reason, too. But the contempt we affect for a literature to which we are indebted for the *Cid*, besides being unjust, seems to me unphilosophical in an age which boasts of its philosophy. The country, too, that has produced CERVANTES, SOLIS, HERRERA, MARIANA, ISLA, FEYJOO, SENECA, and QUINTILIAN; and in our own day, QUINTANA, CIENFUEGOS, JOVELLANOS, etc., etc., is not the ruined country that some are fain to represent her. She can and may yet produce days of glory to Europe, of which she forms no inconsiderable part."

He might have added that, besides the *Cid* of GUILLEN DE CASTRO, TRISTAN has taken his *Marianne* from the *Tetrarca de Jerusalem*; and it is affirmed, with some show of truth, that *Heraclius* is borrowed from CALDERON. All the tragedies of the younger CORNEILLE are translations or imitations of the Spanish. By that author's own avowal, *Le Menteur* is taken from

¹ Spain undoubtedly possesses the merit of priority, which may be easily ascertained by comparing its Augustan age with that of most other nations. The reader will draw his own conclusions from this simple fact.

La Verdad Sospechosa of ALARCON; and he is indebted to SENECA for the tragedy of *Médée*, and for the first scene of his *Cinna*. LORD HOLLAND, in his *Account of the Life and Writings of LOPE DE VEGA*, says, at p. 183, "The French and English writers are much indebted to him for some of their most successful productions; and often the outline of an excellent comedy is faintly delineated in an episode or a scene of LOPE." *El Desden con el Desden* has furnished MOLIERE with the subject of his *Princesse d'Elide*.¹

But it was not by the drama alone that Spain was so distinguished. If we cast a glance upon other branches of literature, and accept even the testimony of a French writer,² we shall find that the number of Spanish historians, chronologists, and geographers, was greater than that of any other nation in Europe,—the list of those only who have treated on subjects connected with their own people amounting to more than five hundred.

If we trace further, we shall find, as regards the lighter departments of *belles lettres*, that LE SAGE owes a large debt of gratitude to Spanish authors for the very many fragments he has borrowed from them in order to produce his *Gil Blas*. To cite a few, we may instance the story of the two students, who, on their way to Salamanca, found a tombstone with the inscription, "*Aquí está enterrada el alma del Licenciado*

¹ *Vide* ANDRES, v. 2, chap. xiv, pp. 312-313, *Journal de Trévoux*; the preface to the *Menteur* of CORNEILLE by VOLTAIRE, etc.

² C. DE VEYRAC, *Histoire des Révolutions d'Espagne*, quoted by D'HERMILLY, p. 16.

Pedro Garcia," taken from VICENTE ESPINEL;¹ that of the young barber, Diego de la Fuente,² wherein the wife of Dr. Oloroso, and Marcos de Obregon, the old squire, are so quaintly alluded to; the adventure of Gil Blas, and of the parasite who supped with him at the inn of Peñafior;³ that of the rascally muleteer of Cacabelos;⁴ the captivity in the Isle of La Cabrera;⁵ the exchange of rings between the Señora Camila⁶ and Gil Blas; and the imitation of the mewing of the cat.⁷

The episodes which form the novelettes of *Doña Aurora de Guzman*, of the *Casamiento por Venganza*, and that of *Don Alfonso*, and of the *Bella Serafina*, are taken,—the first from the drama, *Todo es enredos Amor y diablos son las mujeres*, by AGUSTIN MORETO; the second from the play written by FRANCISCO ROJAS, entitled *Casarse por vengarse*; and the third from the novel, *Mas puede Amor que la Sangre*, by DON ALONSO DE CASTILLO SOLORZANO, appended to another of his works entitled *Sala de Recreacion*. And to refer to another celebrated production, we may remark that *Le Diable Boiteux* of LE SAGE, Englished by SMOLLETT under the title of *The Devil on Two Sticks*, is greatly indebted for its origin and treatment to *El Diablo* of LUIS DE GUEVARA; although the French author deserves high praise for the very ingenious manner in

¹ Prologo de Vicente Espinel.

² Descanso 1 y 2 de la Relacion primera.

³ Descanso 9, idem.

⁴ Descanso 10, idem.

⁵ Descanso 7 y 8 de la Relacion tercera.

⁶ Decanso 8 y 9, idem.

⁷ Descanso 21 de la Relacion primera.

which he has seized and worked out the happy conception of his Spanish *confrère*.

With respect to RIVAROL's opinion,—“Mais en supposant que l'Espagne eût conservé sa prépondérance politique, il n'est pas démontré que sa langue fut devenue la langue usuelle de l'Europe,”—we regard it as a very groundless one. If, in the sixteenth century, the Spanish was the language of the Courts of Vienna, Bavaria, Brussels, Naples, nay, Paris itself; if Spanish books were printed all over the north of Europe; if, in the last named capital, grammars were compiled and written, even by the French themselves, to teach the Castilian idiom to their countrymen; and if the Spanish tongue was spoken in the vast tracts of South America,—all this was surely due to the political preponderance of the nation at that time: for the Spaniards, like the Romans before them, carried and established their language where their supremacy was felt; and that supremacy, on account of their renowned victories obtained through the daring of their soldiers (the *TERCIOS*) and the energy of their seamen, was felt over half the habitable globe. Just as, at the present day, the flag of England waves over every navigable creek, and dots every sea with her sails, the flag and ships of Spain, at the period to which we have alluded, had almost undisputed possession of the great waters.¹

¹ We cannot refrain from giving here a rapid sketch of the princely possessions Spain had, at this time, under her sway: possessions which, considering their importance, were perhaps unequalled by any nation either ancient or modern. During the second half of the sixteenth century and the first of the seventeenth, Spain held all the Iberian peninsula (Portugal included) and the terri-

Asking pardon of our readers for this digression,—not unconnected, however, with our subject,—we shall say a few words concerning the copiousness and beauty of the Spanish language; and we may remark, by way of summary, that he who wrote “that the Spanish tongue was as pure as gold and as sonorous as silver”, was a Frenchman; and, as we have every reason to believe, could not be taxed with over-partiality for Spain.¹ And Monsieur D’ALEMBERT,² when analyzing the harmony of languages in his *Essays on Literature*, observes: “A language which abounds in soft vowels, like the Italian, may be the softest of all idioms, but not the most harmonious; for harmony, to be pleasing,

tories of both kingdoms; Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, Roussillon; the Bearn, with the lowlands of Navarre; Parma, Placentia, the Milanese, and the whole of the Netherlands. In Africa, besides the Canary Islands, the Azores, Cape Verde, and Madeira, with the actual penal establishments, all the present Portuguese possessions of Angola, Congo, and Mozambique. Spain likewise possessed Oran, Mazalquivir, Mostagan, Tangier, Tunis, the Goleta, and Gibraltar. In Asia, the coasts and factories of Malabar, Coromandel; the coasts of China, with Goa and Macao; and the holy places in Palestine, with their accessories. In Oceania, besides the Philippine Islands, Bisayas, the Carolinas, Marianas, and Palos, a great part of Sonda, Timor, the Moluccas, and a multitude of archipelagoes and groups, with detached islands, in the Pacific. And in America, Spain ruled almost the whole of that vast continent with a population of ten millions of souls. And all this gigantic power has slid from her grasp within the space of two centuries. (MELLADO, *Guia del Viajero en España*. 4th edition. Madrid.)

¹ L’Abbé RAYNAL, a philosopher of the nineteenth century; editor of the French *Mercury*, and author of the philosophical history of the Establishment and Commerce of Europeans in the East and West Indies.

² Of the French Academy.

requires to be varied also. A language, therefore, possessing, like the Spanish, a happy mixture of consonants and vowels soft and sonorous, may perhaps be considered the most harmonious of all modern tongues."

While admitting the correctness of D'ALEMBERT'S theory, and thanking him for the flattering preference thus given to the Castilian, we must, in justice to the Italian language, submit that *harmony* is one of its chief characteristics. The early Italian writers, DANTE, BOCCACCIO, and others, having discovered that the redundancy of vowels proved injurious to the vigour and harmony of their vernacular tongue, adopted a remedy as simple as it was effective. They dropped the final vowel of a host of words, and thus obtained, with a consonant termination, a force and an energy, with harmony combined, which no language can surpass. This example has been extensively followed by modern authors; and it would be easy to select a number of passages from the great masters we have mentioned, and the recent writers to whom we have alluded, in proof of the quasi-perfection of the Italian tongue.

CAPMANY, too, in his *Teatro Historico-Critico* of Spanish eloquence, has the following remark: "Much we could say, were this the proper place, about the rich and mellifluous structure of the Italian language, and as much about the soft inflexions and highly pleasing termination of Italian words, thereby rendering it so musically harmonious."

With all respect to such an authority, we yet assert that, although it may possess some advantages over the

Spanish on the score of softness, accent, and poetic licence, still, as regards gravity, luxuriance of diction (*gala en el decir*), and musical cadence (*numero*), it must surely yield the palm to the Spanish.

And finally, were we to abide by the opinion of a competent judge and an illustrious personage,¹ we should be led to believe, with respect to the peculiar characteristics of some of the European tongues, that French was, *par excellence*, the language of amity and polite conversation; Italian was fitted to be spoken to woman; that German was adapted for horses and the stable; English for the whistling and singing denizens of air; but that Spanish was the language with which to address the Deity.

Monsieur DE RIVAROL, however, draws from the gravity and solemn, majestic enunciation of the Spanish tongue, a most erroneous conclusion; for, if it is formal and grave when proclaiming the awful truths of religion, that formality and that gravity can and do, whatever he may have asserted to the contrary, admit of vast modification by means of syncopes, when brought down to the level of ordinary purpose and familiar intercourse. A proof of this is to be found in the enunciation of the letter *d* in such words as *matado*, *atropellado*, *pisoteado*; or in the substantives ending with that letter, as *caridad*, *libertad*, *magnanimidad*,² where

¹ The Emperor Charles V.

² This remark refers merely to the language of every-day life; for in public speaking, in the rostrum and the pulpit, in the forum and the theatre,—indeed, in the so-called sublime style ("*estilo sostenido*"),—every letter is sounded clearly and distinctly, as the seriousness of the occasion requires.

the final letter is so subdued as to remove every notion of pedantry from the most fastidious ear.

We are of opinion that RIVAROL advanced a more forcible and solid truth when he declared that, "Spain was not likely to establish the universality of her language while the country was labouring under the thralldom of an ignorant and overbearing priesthood", than when he ascribed the cause of its non-universality to scarcity or barrenness. We flatter ourselves that we have, even within the narrow limits to which we were confined, adduced more than one satisfactory proof of its copiousness, manliness, and elegance ; and that we might, had this sketch assumed more important dimensions, have expatiated with considerable force upon the inexhaustible mine of its augmentatives and diminutives in their simple and double form, on the nature of affective words and modificative adjectives, and on many other peculiarities for which the Spanish tongue recommends itself to the notice of philologists.

RIVAROL, after having thus lighted on the very key-stone for the solution of his proposition, in the *thralldom* exercised by an ignorant and overbearing priesthood, was wrong to let it slip thus easily from his grasp, to put forward in its stead the false and paltry shadow of *barrenness* ; for, by this single error, he undermined the whole body of his structure. From his experience of the world, he could not be ignorant of that great truth of ancient and modern times, to wit : " That nothing more affects the moral character of a people, or more impairs their energy and happy

disposition, than fanaticism and intolerance"; nor could he be blind to those salutary lessons of history; viz., "That when nations lose their self-respect, they must not look to obtain respect from others"; and "That when nations disappear from the political arena, their influence and power, their very traditions of glory, vanish, and amid the wreck, their very language will decay". Man, under such influences, sinks lower and lower in the social scale, and becomes a sensualist and a coward. His ruler knows it, and with the iron rod fiercely shaken above his head, exclaims: "*L'état c'est moi*"; and the sybarite crouches at his master's feet, and exults in his own degradation with the same fervour as urges the free-man to struggle nobly for true liberty against his country's foes, or die bravely in the endeavour.

A SKETCH OF
THE COMPARATIVE BEAUTIES
OF THE
FRENCH AND SPANISH
LANGUAGES.

BY

MANUEL MARTINEZ DE MORENTIN,

PROFESSOR OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE;

AUTHOR OF "ESTUDIOS FILOLOGICOS, DIFICULTADES PRINCIPALES DE LA LENGUA ESPAÑOLA."



Second and Concluding Part.

BEING AN ANSWER TO THE PRESS.

"The Spanish language is nothing inferior to the most celebrated of those now in use, called the living languages; but rather equals them in all points, and, in many particulars, exceeds and surpasses them.

"It is sweet and harmonious; and yet has, at the same time, such a manly and majestic grace, that it at once becomes the mouth of the soldier, the courtier, the preacher, the statesman, and the nicest lady; and it is withal so copious, that there is nothing wanting in it to express whatsoever can be found in all others put together."

(Preface to J. STEVENS' *Spanish and English Dictionary*. London edition, 1706.)

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MDCCCLX.

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

A SKETCH,

ETC.

——“Si deficiant vires, audacia certe laus erit; in magnis
et voluisse sat est.”—PROPERT., lib. ii, *Eleg.* VIII.

“Aunque las fuerzas no alcanzen
Es loable la osadia;
Basta en las grandes empresas
Aspirar á conseguirlas.”

Yriarte. DON TOMAS.

As the “Sketch of the Comparative Beauties of the French and Spanish Languages,” which I published in June last, was merely written for circulation as a quarterly contribution to the British Literary Society, I confined myself rather to proving the *copiousness* of the Spanish, when compared with the French tongue, than to assert the superiority of the former over the latter language in any other particular.

My object in the “Sketch” referred to, was to rebut the charge of *pauvreté réelle* brought against the Spanish tongue by the French writer, A. C. RIVAROL, to whom the Academy of Berlin awarded a prize for his Essay on Languages, about the year 1783.

The reviews, however, of my pamphlet, and more particularly the remarks of the *Critic* and *Literary Gazette*, bearing date respectively the 2nd and 3rd July,

have induced me to follow up the "Sketch" with this Second Part, wherein I propose to institute a more direct comparison between the beauties of the two languages, and make a few observations concerning the niceties of the sister tongue of the Castilian, viz. the Italian.

The *Literary Gazette* opens its critique¹ in the following manner: "This 'Sketch' reminds us of that fable wherein the man proves his own superiority to the lion, by shewing that noble beast a marble group representing the overthrow of the king of the forest by a human athlete. Every one knows the lion's sagacious answer. So it is with Señor DE MORENTIN."

Now in the case alluded to by the *Literary Gazette*, the man shewed the lion an isolated example to prove the defeat of the king of beasts; but I submit, with all due courtesy, that I brought forward in my "Sketch", not a single figure merely, but abundance of proof whereby to claim a superiority. The examples which I adduced, did, I opine, not only do away with RIVAROL's charge, that the Spanish language deserved the allegation of *pauvreté réelle*; but they unquestionably proved that it was infinitely *more copious* than his own. And yet those examples, abundant as they were, represented but a tithe of what might have been produced; and the opinions I advanced to strengthen my position might have been multiplied to an extraordinary extent, not by Spanish writers alone (who would naturally be suspected of partiality), but by many

¹ See review at large, as also that of *The Critic*, in the Appendix.

learned Frenchmen, countrymen of Monsieur DE RIVAROL himself.

No one will attempt to deny that all languages possess peculiar beauties of their own. But this *truism*, by proving too much, is of little worth in the present instance, being vague, general, and indeterminate. How often does it happen among individuals, that one will stand out prominently from the mass, and, by a certain undoubted superiority, become the "observed of all observers." NINON DE L'ENCLOS had the power of captivating elegant young men at the age of eighty,—and why? Because even at that advanced period of life, she still retained much beauty and infinite fascination of manner. In singing, we constantly find that the greater stars will eclipse the minor ones, in spite of the many pleasing attributes to which the latter may lay claim; and the MALIBRANS, the GRISIS, and the MARIOS, are spoken of and admired, to the exclusion of many other excellent performers. And if we descend to the viands which are placed upon our tables, we must admit that, while certain dishes have such a manifest superiority over others as to meet with universal approbation, others are merely partaken of from habit, or because necessity insists upon their use.

Why not, then, apply the same rule to languages? Why not allow that some may have a marked superiority over others? a superiority of copiousness, a superiority of beauty, a superiority of strength; but that necessity, or some other equally specious cause, may have set such languages aside, in order that less brilliant ones may take their place?

Having said thus much by way of preface, we will, with the view of connecting the present remarks with those of Part I, set out by adducing a few more examples of copiousness to those given therein, in order to prove that the *et cæteras*, to which exception has been taken, were not mere Spanish braggadocio, devised to impose upon the unreflective. And, at starting, we do not hesitate to affirm that the French tongue is very poor, and has but a scanty supply of words to cope with the Spanish in the following:

Spanish: *Terrestre, terrenal, terraqueo* (speaking of the globe).

French: *Terrestre*.

Spanish: *Servidor, sirviente, siervo*.

French: *Serviteur*.

Spanish: *Vergonzoso, vergonzante, avergonzado*.

French: *Honteux*.

Spanish: *El santo oleo*, and not *santos aceites* (of the French).

French: *Les saintes huiles*.

And again, what verbs are there in French equivalent to the Spanish, *amanecer, anochecer, alborear, amanecer, asolear, anubarrar, alancear, asaetear, adietar, arracinar, aljofarar, apalabrar*, and hundreds of the kind? And if we revert to the *frequentative* Spanish verbs, such as, *aldabear, aletear, cerrojeear, clamorear, colear, corcovear, cucharatear, menudear, pordiosear, tijeretear*, etc., we shall seek in vain for anything like them in French. If we turn, again, from the *frequentative* verbs to those implying privation, where could the student meet, in French, with the equivalents of the following: *desemperezar, desamorrar, desamistar, desacobardar, desendiosar, desendiablar, desautorizar*, etc. And if from these we cast a glance at the

inchoative verbs, such as *azulear*, *albear*, *amarillear*, *bermejar*, *blanquear*, *negrear*, etc., the advantage will appear equally on the Spanish side.

It must be clearly understood that what we call *abundance* in a language, is not the material host of words by which any particular tongue may be distinguished; but that fulness which enables every individual stage of being and shade of thought to be expressed by an appropriate word. And that this is the case with the Spanish, the following examples will clearly prove. The male offspring of the cow (*la vaca*) is termed, until he becomes a *toro* (bull), *ternero*, or *añojo*, during the first year of his growth; *un novillo* in the second year, *un utrero* in the third, and *un toro* at his fourth, when he is supposed to attain his full vigour.

Observe also the nice distinction in Spanish when speaking of the young of the ewe (*oveja*): in its first stage the yearling lamb is called a *cordero*; at two, a *borrego*; and when he has attained his third year, he is styled *un carnero*. And to distinguish pearls (*perlas*) a still nicer graduation is shewn. If, for instance, they are small in size, they are called *aljofares*; if uneven, *asientos*; when regular in shape, they are styled *barruecos*; if perfect in form, they are known as *perlas*; and if highly finished, or without blemish, *margaritas*.

What an exuberance of words does there not exist in Spanish to denote blows inflicted with the hand or fist, such as the following: *bofeton*, *bofetada*, *cachete*, *capirote*, *quantada*, *quantazo*, *manotada*, *manotazo*, *metido* (familiar), *moquete*, *mojicon*, *papirote*, *palmada*, *pesco-*

zon, puñetazo, reves, soplamocos (familiar), *sopapo, sornaviron, sosquin, torniscon*, etc.? And to denote a repetition of one of these, *cachetes*, the Spaniards can use their favourite expression, *una cachetina*, which admirably answers the purpose. Should the nails, or points of the fingers or toes, be used to inflict the blows, then such words as the following can be employed: *arañazos, araños, arañadas, codazos, empellones, estrujones, pellizcos, puntapiés, retortijones, uñadas, uñaradas*, etc., according to the part of the body, and the agent which has inflicted them.

In corroboration of this exceeding richness of the Spanish language, we may here quote the opinion of a man whose judgment has rarely been called in question, viz. HUMBOLDT, who, in his *Aspects*, I, p. 260, remarks: "Scarcely less striking is it to observe, in the old Castilian idiom, the many expressions afforded for describing the physiognomy of mountain masses, and more particularly for designating those features which, recurring in every zone of the earth's surface, announce from afar to the attentive beholder the nature of the rock; as, *pico, picacho, mogote, cucurucho, espigon, loma tendida, mesa, panecillo, farellon, tablon, Peña, peñon, peñasco, peñalería, roca partida, laxa, cerro, sierra, serranía, cordillera, monte, montaña, montañuela, cadena de montes, los altos, malpais, reventazon, bufa,*" etc. And he might have added to his list, long as it is, the following: *alturas, barranca, barrancadas, barranco, breñas, cañadas, derrumbaderos, desfiladeros, eminencias, encrucijadas, gargantas, malos pasos, pendientes, precipicios, puertos, quebradas, risco, and vericuetos.*

Another mine of almost inexhaustible wealth will be found by the Spanish student in the diminutives of that language. We expatiated upon these derivative words, and gave long lists of them in another work,¹ published in 1857; still we cannot refrain from adding here a combination overlooked in Part First, which is a specimen of the pliability of the Spanish language no less curious than interesting. We allude to the word *chiquito* (a little boy), which gives us no fewer than *eighteen* diminutives, as thus: *chiquitito*, *chiquillo*, *chiquetitillo*, *chiquititillo*, *chiquetito*, *chiquetin*, *chiquer-ritin*, *chiquerrititin*, *chiquerritico*, *chiquerritito*, *chiquerritillo*, *chiquelo*, *chiquituelo*, *chiquirritituelo*, *chiquirritejo*, *chocorrotico*, *chocorrotito*, and *chocorrotuelo*.

"The advantage," says FEYJÓO,² "possessed by one language over another, may be reduced to three heads, viz. PROPRIETY, HARMONY, and COPIOUSNESS"; and in none of these does the Spanish yield the palm to the French. "As regards copiousness," he continues, "the Spanish has by far the preference; for, in my studies of both languages, I have invariably found several Castilian words with no equivalent in French; but seldom, if ever, have I found French words without *two* or even *three* Spanish ones to render their meaning." And Chancellor BACON, referring to that versatility which makes the fortune of a politician, remarks,³ "that he could not meet, either in Latin, French, English, or Italian, an equivalent for the Castilian *desenvoltura*";

¹ Estudios Filologicos; Dificultades Principales de la Lengua Española. Seccion iii, Part 7. Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

² Paralelo de las Lenguas, § 3. ³ De Interrerum, cap. 38.

and we have more than one, conveying exactly the same signification, in *despejo* and *desembarazo*.

Of compound words, there is such an exuberance in Spanish,¹ that FEYJÓO doubts whether the Latin or any other language (the Greek, perhaps, excepted) can be a match for it.

With respect to *imitative* words, where, as is eloquently expressed by an English author, "the sound is echo to the sense", the Castilian tongue is truly admirable. For instance, those persons who have an impediment in the organs of speech are forced to repeat the obstructive *ta.. ta.. ta..* before certain words beginning with a consonant can escape their lips; and the language has called such stutterers, and calls them now, *tartamudos*,—a word, as it were, of nature's own coining, and which perfectly imitates the sound they make. Those, again, who seem to allow their words to filter through their noses, rather than roll them from the tongue, are classified under the title of *gangosos*; and a happy denomination it is. Persons who are fatigued with scrambling or climbing over the *Cordilleras*, or other difficult places, generally give utterance, in fetching their breath, to the syllabic sound, *ja, ja, ja*; whereupon the Spaniard says of them, "que vienen jadeando." And again, to imitate the noise not uncommonly made when rolling the food upon the palate, or swallowing liquids, the verb *sorber* is made use of, which so well represents the sound; and, by a contrary analysis, we have recourse to the verb *silbar* to express the expulsion of wind from between the lips.

¹ Vide Part I of *The Comparative Beauties of the French and Spanish Languages*, p. 21.

With no less grace does the language furnish the words *zumbido*, *chasquido*, and *triquitraqe* or *triquitarque*: the first imitating the humming of the bee; the second, the cracking of a whip; and the third, the explosive burst of a cracker, or any other firework.

Paniaguados, again, is a word difficult to be properly rendered into other languages: the *table-companion*, *comrade*, *intimate friend*, *croney*, *chum*, *pal*, of the English; and the *commensal*, *camarade*, *ami intime*, *compagnon*, of the French, though powerful enough, fall far below the mark.

The variety of accents in the Spanish tongue, the softness of its pronunciation, the great variety of its terminations, always full, round, and perfect; the exuberance of its verbs and nouns, the copiousness of its tenses, and the flexibility of its diction,—all these advantages together form so pleasing a whole that it cannot escape the notice of every person whose attention is drawn to the subject, and must even excite the wonder of those who have no pretensions to be judges concerning the beauties of a language.

Another extraordinary source of riches is to be met with in the Spanish *refrains*, or proverbs,—a kind of short, pithy sentences which have for ages enjoyed a European reputation. This fame is owing, not simply to the fact of their containing the hoarded experience of centuries, the *quintessence* of the good sense of old and young, but the language in which they are clothed imparts to them a sententiousness of tone which might be looked for in vain in any other tongue than the Castilian.

During the flourishing epoch of FRAY LUIS DE LEON these *refranes* were almost numberless; and the celebrated SALMACIO was of opinion that they were the most emphatical in Europe.¹ It will not be out of place to adduce here an example or two of these literary gems, by way of proving how fully the panegyric passed upon them was deserved. What can exceed the depth of the following?

“Si quieres aprender á orar,
Entra en la mar.”

Or the genuine truth of this?

“Tenga yo marido,
Siquiera sea borrico.”

The political axiom of the following is no less curious:

“Allá van Leyes
Do quieren Reyes.”²

It took its rise from a very important event in the reign of Alphonsus VI, whose death occurred at the

¹ “Inter Europeos, Hispani in his excellunt.”—Sarmiento, p. 179.

² In the momentous dispute between the two liturgies, the Gothic and the Roman, which for a length of time caused a vast deal of trouble to the Spanish Church, Alphonsus VI ordered that the books containing each should be thrown into a fire previously blessed by the priesthood, declaring that whichever of the two remained unhurt, the same should be declared the victor. The Gothic liturgy withstood the fire; but the king, nevertheless, ordered it to be reconsigned to the flames, and, by breaking his royal word, thus gave rise to the proverb of the text. (Vide *Sarmiento*, § 49.) A like origin is attributed to “Ni quito ni pongo Rey”, referring to the struggle between Peter the Cruel and his brother and successor, Don Enrique. (CLEMENCIN, *Don Quixote*.)

beginning of the twelfth century; at which epoch the Spanish idiom had scarcely risen to the honour of being styled a language. The few that follow are well worth perusal:

“A casa de tu tia : mas no cada dia.”

“A caballo dado, no le mires el diente.”

“A donde irá el buey que no are?”

“Al que tiene muger hermosa,
Castillo en frontera;
O viña en carretera,
Nunca le falta guerra.”

“En casa de mujer rica
Ella manda siempre;
Y el nunca.”

“Humo, gotera, y muger parlera
Echan al hombre—de su casa—fuera.”

“Muger, viento y ventura
Presto se muda.”

“Cuando chupa la abeja
Miel torna;
Y cuando la araña,
Ponzoña.”

“Si quieres vivir sano,
Hazte viejo temprano.”

“Sientate en tu lugar,
Y no te harán levantar.

“No alabes, ni desalabes
Hasta siete navidades.”

“Toma casa con hogar,
Y mujer que sepa hilar.”

The foregoing are, we believe, fair specimens of the sententious tone of this rich branch of Spanish litera-

ture. They have been taken at random from one of the many collections which have found their way into print. BLASCO DE GARAY has given to the literary world three letters written entirely in proverbs. PEDRO DE VALLES, in 1549, arranged an alphabetical catalogue of four thousand three hundred. HERNAN NUNEZ DE GUZMAN collected six thousand; and Don JUAN DE YRIARTE, about the middle of the last century, got together the almost incredible number of twenty-four thousand! It is not easy to explain in a satisfactory manner how it occurs that the Spanish tongue should be so bountifully supplied with these terse and pithy maxims. One cause may not improbably be found in the long residence of the Moors in Spain, as the rich language of that imaginative people abounds in them. It is averred that these witty sayings and expressive proverbs are not indigenous to the soil of the Peninsula; if so, the Spaniards have had the good sense so to engraft them upon their language as to make them flourish there with more brilliance than in the land whence they drew their birth. We recommend the student of the idiom of Castile to devote his careful attention to one of the collections referred to; for we are persuaded that he will find in the *refranes* the greatest purity of diction, and a fund of wit and wisdom that will amply reward his pains.

If further proof be necessary of the abundance and flexibility of the manly language of Spain, and the puerility of the charge of "*pauvreté réelle*", brought against it by RIVAROL, we lay before the reader a perfect literary curiosity, in the shape of a story, where

the vowel *a* is the only one employed throughout the composition:

“Las fragatas catalanas, llamadas las Gargantas Sardanapalas, armadas á naval batalla ganaban la bráva mar, jamas tan abastadas. MATA LLANA las mandaba para pasar gallardas Damas á la Habana. Para la pasada danlas ambas camaras, ya la baja, ya la alta; Blandas faldas la mar?...mala casa á las bragas. Cada tajamar arába barbara labranza la campaña salada, para tantas barcas, malhadada—á tantas mas grata. Marcadas radas, marcadas calas pasaban á la mar ancha; mas á la mañana, la alba atrasada las abarranca á ambas la baja mar á la playa. Las Damas ya pasmadas á tan mala andanza claman á tantas SANTAS para alcanzar á salvar almas tan mal paradas, ca la canalla cantaba bravas palabras. La mar aparataba gran calma. Las sacas, las arcas, hasta las camas, hasta la plata labrada, asaz cara, hasta las mas caras alhajas, hasta las armas van á la playa. Tragáralas á tardar la mar alta; mas ya las fragatas nadaban. Las lanchas, las dán la amada carga: las Damas maltratadas callan las alharacas; mas nada las falta. Ya zafas ván hasta la HABANA, plaza afamada á darla gran salva. Al acabar sanas tan larga andanza, las Damas ya cantan la hazaña, ya saltan la pavana; mas las anchas zafadas agarraban las trabajadas amarras.”

In the next specimen we present the student with another of these curious philological diversions, wherein the vowel *e* is the only one employed in the composition:

“Entren gentes que enyesen ese retrete: el pelete de pez del pesebre debe expelerle, de meserse el leste que

es el terrestre: llevese de enfrente é estese en él mes é meses. Tres decentes esperen que llegue PEPE TELLEZ DE MELENDEZ, de Tremecen: désele veste, é que cene peces, de venderse peces que es excelente. Expresese que debe entremeterse el trece de este entre Meneses é Lepes, é que les festeje.”

Another most absurd and unfounded charge of RIVAROL, was the *barrenness* which, in his opinion, characterized Spanish literature; and although in Part I, pp. 28, 29, 30, and 31, we adduced striking proofs to the contrary, we nevertheless, in this place, beg to reiterate the assertion we there made, and affirm that neither Latin, Italian, nor Greek authors, lost any of their beauties by translation into Spanish.

In original composition also, what sublimity, especially in sacred oratory, was there not displayed by the VENEGAS, the AVILAS, the LOYOLAS, and the ESTELLAS! By JUAN DE LA CRUZ, THERESA, and that luminary of the church, GRANADA! MORALES and ZURITA, again, wrote history with that gravity and impartiality which the nature of such composition demands. MENDOZA and AYTONA elevated prose, in works of a semi-historical character, almost to perfection. VERDUGO and COLOMA were highly successful in making a reputation for themselves while praising the labours of their contemporaries. YEPES, SIGUENZA, and CORNEJO, left behind them ever-living testimonies of their fertile pens in their chronicles and annals. GUEVARA, VILLALOBOS, and VALLES, were not less profound in their discourses and works on morals and ethics. ALEMAN and RHUA, and SALAZAR and PEREZ DE OLIVA,

and many others, stamped in a silvery tongue their thoughts of gold. But why lengthen out a list which might be made of almost wearisome proportions? Let us rather turn to another branch of our subject.

It is admitted on all hands that times and circumstances often decide and give a character to the language of a people. This we believe to have been undoubtedly the case with the Tuscan tongue, the most powerful rival of the Spanish. The state of Florence, and, indeed, of all Italy, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was highly favourable to the development of the beautiful language of Latium. The two great parties, the Guelphs and Ghibellines,—the former under priestly rule, the latter devoted to secular power,—both equally animated by the ever-burning fire of political liberty, alike infused strength into the language; and to the fierce struggles and romantic passages which ensued between them, may be traced the fiery energy of DANTE, the wondrous tenderness and precision of PETRARCH, and the quaint but powerful composition of BOCCACCIO.

And that same Italian language, thus characterized, imparted not a few beauties to the force already possessed by the Spanish idiom. Castilian writers were not slow to import into their own tongue many of the graces which made the sister language remarkable; and the same phenomenon which was visible in the conquest of Greece by the Romans,—the conquered, viz. imparting to the conquerors many elements of enlightenment,—became again observable among the Spaniards who overran Italy, thus inducing us naturally

to exclaim, "gensque victa ferum victorem cepit!" The beauties, however, thus borrowed from the delicate language of the Italians, in no wise altered the character of the Spanish tongue, whose peculiar traits and syntactical construction underwent no change.

This being granted, and even setting for the time aside numerous authoritative opinions as to the superiority of Spanish prose and poetry to French, the superiority of its prose to the Italian, and the well-founded pretensions possessed by Spanish poetry to enter the lists with the latter tongue, even in those realms of composition as put forward by ISAAC VOSIUS,¹ by the learned German, JUAN ZAHN;² by the far-famed Cardinal BENTIVOGLIO;³ by the Italians, GOTELINI,⁴ NAPOLES, SIGNORELLI, and PAGANINI; by the Frenchman, BONHOURS;⁵ by the clever author of the *Génie des Langues*, AMELOT;⁶ by l'Abbé PLUCHE, by VOLTAIRE,⁷ and by D'ALEMBERT;⁸ we think it will not be amiss, in the first place, to lay before our readers some specimens of translations from TACITUS by ADRIANO POLITI, DAVANZATI, AMELOT, D'ALEMBERT, ALAMOS, and COLOMA, in order that they who are curious in such matters may have the pleasure of judging for themselves as to the respective powers and beauty of each of them.

¹ De Poematu Cantu et Viribus. Rithm, p. 57.

² Specula Physico-Mathematica, v. 2.

³ In his Letter to TOBIAS MATIAS INGLÉS.

⁴ In his Letter to Don JUAN SEDAÑO.

⁵ Dialogues d'ABASTE.

⁶ Discours Critique sur les Traducteurs de TACITE.

⁷ Tom v, Mélanges. Art., Harmonie des Langues.

⁸ Mélanges, tom. vi, p. 64.

TACITUS.

Urbem Romam à principio reges habuere. Libertatem et consulatum Lucius Brutus instituit. Dictaturæ ad tempus sumebantur. Neque decemviralis potestas ultra biennium, neque consulare jus diu valuit. Non Cinnæ, non Sullæ longa dominatio: et Pompei Crassique potentia cito in Cæsarem, Lepidi, atque Antonii arma, in Augustum cessère; qui cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa, nomine principis sub imperium accepit. Sed veteris populi Romani prospera vel adversa, claris scriptoribus memorata sunt: temporibus Augusti dicendis non defuere decora ingenia, donec glisente adulatione deterrerentur. Tiberii, Caiique, et Claudii, ac Neronis res, florentibus ipsis, ob metum falsæ; postquam occiderant, recentibus odiis compositæ sunt. Inde consilium mihi pauca de Augusto, et extrema tradere: mox Tiberii principatum, et cætera, sine ira et studio, quorum causas procul habeo.

ADRIANO POLITI.

VENECIA, 1617.

La città di Roma fù da principio governata da' Rè. Bruto v' introdusse la libertà, et il consolato. Le dictature a tempo si ricevevano: ne la potenza de' dieci oltra due anni, o l' autorità consolare de' tribuni di soldati dura molto. Non fù longa la Signoria di Cinna, ne di Silla; è l' autorità di Pompeo e di Crasso terminò tosto in Cesare, come l' armi d' Antonio et di Lepido in Augusto. Il quale soto il nome di principe assorbì il tutto; già stracco dalle discordie civili. Ma, e le cose prospere, et l' avverse dell' antico popolo Romano; sono state da chiari scrittori raccontate; ne mancarono ingegni per iscrivere i tempi d' Augusto, fin che non furono cor-

DAVANZATI.

VENECIA, 1687.

Roma da principio ebbe i rè: da Lucio Bruto la libertà, et consolato. Le dittature erano a tempo. La podestà de dieci non resse oltra due anni: nè molto l' autorità di consoli nè tribuni di soldati. Non Cinna, non Silla signoreggiò lungamente. La potenza di Pompeo e di Crasso tosto in Cesare, e l' armi di Lepido, e d' Antonio caddero in Augusto, il qual trovato ognuno stracco per le discordie civili, con titolo di principale si prese il tutto. Anno dell' antico popol Romano chiari scrittori memorato il bene, e l' male: nè a narrare i tempi d' Augusto mancarono ingegni onorati, mentre l' adulazione crescendo non gli guastò. Le cose di Tiberio, di

POLITI.

roti dalla crescente adulatione. Le cose di Tiberio, di Claudio et di Nerone regnando essi per paura, e dopo loro per gl' odii freschi falsamente furono scritte. Onde m'è nato pensiero di riferire alcuni de gl' ultimi fatti d' Augusto, e dopo, senza passione alcuna (come non n'ho causa) il Principato di Tiberio, et il resto.

DAVANZATI.

Gaio, di Claudio et di Nerone furono compilate false, viventi essi per paura, e dipoi per li freschi rancori. Onde io intendo riferire alcuni ultimi fatti d' Augusto: il Principato di Tiberio, et altro, senza tenere ira, nè parte, come lonta no dalle cagioni.

AMELOT. 1670.

Rome dans son commencement eut des rois, et après le bannissement des Tarquins, Lucius Junius Brutus introduisit le consulat et la liberté. La dictature ne se donnoit que pour un temps; et la puissance des decemvirs ne dura pas plus de deux ans. L'autorité consulaire des tribuns militaires ne fut pas long-tems en vigueur. La domination de Cinna, ni celle de Silla ne furent pas longues, et Cesar ne tarda guere a ruiner Crassus et Pompée, ses collegues; ni Auguste à vaincre Lepidus et Marc-Antoine, ses rivaux. Et comme les guerres civiles avoient épuisé toutes les forces de la republique, Auguste en prit le gouvernement sous le nom modeste du Prince du Senat. Tout ce qui est arrivé de bonheur ou de malheur à l'ancienne republique a été raconté par de cé-

D'ALEMBERT. 1750.

Rome fut d'abord soumise à des rois. Brutus lui donna la liberté et les consuls. On créoit au besoin des dictateurs passagers. Le pouvoir des decemvirs ne dura que deux ans; les tribunes consulaires cessèrent bientôt. Cinna et Sylla regnèrent peu; le sort des armes fit passer rapidement l'autorité de Pompée et de Crassus à César, de Lépide et d'Antoine à Auguste, qui sous le nom de chef devint le maître de l'état épuisé par les guerres civiles. Des auteurs illustres ont fait connoître la gloire et les malheurs de l'ancienne république; l'histoire même d'Auguste a été écrite par des grands génies, jusqu'aux tems que la nécessité de flatter les condamna au silence. La crainte menagea, tant qu'ils vécutent, Tibère, Caius, Claude, et Néron; desqu'ils ne furent plus,

AMELOT.

lèbres écrivains. Et Auguste même n'a pas manqué d'habiles gens pour écrire son histoire jusqu'à ce que la flatterie prenant la place de la liberté, eut émoussée la pointe des esprits. Les faits de Tibère, de Caligula, de Claudius, et de Néron, ont été rapportés faussement durant leur vie, parcequ'on les craignoit, et sinistrement après leur mort, parceque l'on se laissa emporter à la haine recente. C'est pourquoi je veux donner ici la fin du règne d'Auguste, et puis l'histoire de Tibère et des trois empereurs suivans; le tout sans passion et sans intérêt, toutes les raisons de les aimer ou de les haïr étant éloignées de moi, qui ne les ai jamais connu.

D'ALEMBERT.

la haine tout récente les déchira. J'écrirai donc en peu de mots la fin du règne d'Auguste, puis celui de Tibère et les suivans, sans fiel et sans bassesse; mon caractère m'en éloigne et les tems m'en dispensent.

ALAMOS. 1614.

Reyes poseyeron la ciudad de Roma en su principio. Lucio Bruto instituyo la libertad y el consulado. Los dictadores se elegian por tiempo señalado; y el poder de los diez varones no duró mas de dos años; y la autoridad y el poderio consular de los tribunos, de los soldados no tuvo fuerza por mucho tiempo. El señorío de Cinna y el de Sila no fué largo; y la potencia de Pompeyo y de Craso brevemente se entregó y rindió á Cesar; y las armas de Lepido y Antonio á

COLOMA. 1629.

La ciudad de Roma fué al principio gobernada de reyes. Lucio Bruto introduxo la libertad y el consulado. Las dictaduras se tomaban por tiempo limitado; y el poderio de los diez varones no pasó de dos años: ni la autoridad consular de los tribunos militares duró mucho. No fué largo el señorío de Cinna ni de Sila; y la potencia de Pompeyo y Craso tuvieron fin en Cesar, como las armas de Antonio y Lepido en Augusto, el cual bajo nombre de principe se

ALAMOS.

Augusto, el cual con título de Principe ocupó bajo su imperio el Estado de los Romanos, cansado ya y desfallecido con las discordias civiles. Pero las cosas prósperas ó adversas que sucedieron á la antigua republica escribieranse por autores exclamados. Y no faltaron hermosos ingenios que refriesen las cosas sucedidas en los tiempos de Augusto hasta que creciendo demasiado la adulacion se derribaron y consumieron. Los hechos de Tiberio y de Cayo y los de Claudio y Neron, mientras ellos florecieron de miedo suyo, y despues de muertos por los aborrecimientos, cuyas causas estaban recientes, se compusieron falsamente. Por esta causa me ha parecido escribir algunas pocas cosas y las postreras de Augusto; y tras esto el Principado de Tiberio y lo demas que despues sucedió sin ira y sin aficion, que estoy muy lejos de tener causa para ninguna de estas cosas.

COLOMA.

apoderó de todo el estado, exhausto y cansado con las discordias civiles. Mas las cosas prósperas y adversas de la antigua republica han sido contadas ya por claros escritores, y no faltaron ingenios para escribir los tiempos de Augusto hasta que poco á poco se fueron estragando al paso que iba creciendo la adulacion. Las cosas de Tiberio, de Claudio, y aun de Neron fueron escritas con falsedad floreciendo ellos, por miedo, y despues de muertos, por los recientes aborrecimientos. De lo que me ha venido deseo de referir algunas pocas cosas, y ésas las ultimas de Augusto; luego el Principado de Tiberio y lo demas: todo sin odio ni aficion, de cuyas causas estoy bien lejos.

SECOND SPECIMEN.

TACITUS.

Initium mihi operis Serv. Galba iterum, T. Vinius consules erunt. Nam post conditam urbem dcc et xx prioris ævi annos multi auctores retulerunt; dum res populi Romani memorabantur, pari eloquentiâ ac libertate. Postquam bellatum apud Actium, atque omnem potestatem ad unum conferri pacis interfuit, magna illa ingenia cessere. Simul veritas pluribus modis infracta: primum inscitiâ

reipublicæ ut alienæ, mox libidine assentandi, aut rursus odio adversus dominantes : ita neutris cura posteritatis, inter infensos vel obnoxios. Sed ambitionem scriptores facile adversaris : obstrictatio et livor pronis auribus accipiuntur : quippe adulationi fædum crimen servitutis, malignanti falsa species libertatis inest. Mihi Galba, Otho, Vitellius nec beneficio, nec injuria cogniti. Dignitatem nostram à Vespasiano inchoatam, à Tito auctam, à Domitiano longius provectam non abnuerim ; sed incorruptam fidem professis, nec amore quisquam et sine odio dicendus est. Quod si vita supeditet, principatum divi Nervæ, et imperium Trajani, uberiores securioremque materiam senectuti se possui : rarâ temporum felicitate, uti sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.

ADRIANO POLITI.

Cominciaro queste fadighe dall' consolato di Sergio Galba, la seconda volta e di Tito Vinio. Peroche molti scrittori hanno dato conto delle cose di quei primi secoli, di setecento, e vinti anni dopo l' edificazione di Roma mentre si potevano scribere i successi del populo Romano con pari eloquenza e libertà. Ma dopo la giornata d' Attio, e que per la pace universale fù in un solo ridotto l' imperio del mondo, mancarono quei bell' ingegni, e con essi la verità, corrotta in piu modi ; prima per la poca notitia della republica, come non più loro ; dipoi o per il gusto dell' adulare, o per l' odio verso quelli, che dominavano ; onde o offesi, od obbligati, nessuno ebbe zelo della posterità. Ma facilmente abborrirai l' adulatione dello scrittore ; la maledicenza e la malignità a piene orecchi si ricevono ; portando seco quella il biasimo

DAVANZATI.

Il consolato secondo di Servio Galba, et T. Vinio darà cominciamento alla presente opera, presa da me vedendo 720 anni dal principio di Roma narrati da molti (come allora si potea) con pari eloquenza e libertà. Ma poi chè si combattè ad Azio, e per lo ben della pace convenne ridurre in uno tutta la popostà ; que' grandi ingegni mancarono : ed è stata in vari modi storta la verità ; prima per lo non sappare i fatti pubblici, non più nostri ; poscia per l' odiare, o adulare il padrone, senza curarsi ne' gli offesi, ne gli obbligati dell' avvenire : ma lo scriptore adulante è agevole reprovare : l' astioso, e mal dicente volentier s' ode : perche l' adulatore si dimostra brutto schiavo : il maligno par libero. Io non riconosco da Galba, Otone e Vitellio ne bene ne male. Vespasiano cominciò, Tito accrebbe, Domiziano innalzò la

POLITI.

de servitù, e queste all incontro una falsa sembianza di libertà. Galba, Otone, e Vitellio non sono stati da me conosciuti non ofesso, ne beneficato da loro: confessando che da Vespasiano cominciasse la nostra reputatione, aumentata da Tacito, ampliata poi molto da Diocleciano. Ma chi vuol fare professione di fede incorrota, ne con affetione, ne con odio particolare debe parlar d'alcuno. E, se haberó vita, riserbo per più ampla et sicura materia della mia vecchiezza, il principato del Divo Nerva e l'imperio di Traiano. Tempi di rara felicità ne quale fu lecito intendere le cose, come alori volse, et dirle come l'intese.*

D'AVANZATI.

mia riputazione io no l'niego: ma facendo professione di candida verità, parlerò senz' amore et senz' odio di ciascheduno, serbandomi alla vecchiezza se io v arriverò, i principati di Nerva, e di Traiano materia più ampla e sicura per la rara felicità di questi tempi, che si può a suo modo intendere: e dire com' ella s' intende.

D'ALEMBERT.

Je commencerai cet ouvrage par le second consulat de Galba et le premier de Vinius. L'histoire de sept cens vingt années précédentes de la fondation de Rome à été suffisamment écrite dans ces siècles où l'éloquence de la liberté célébroit la gloire du peuple romain. Après la bataille d'Actium le bien de la paix ayant demandé que le pouvoir fût transmis à un seul, les grands génies disparurent. Bientôt la vérité fut desfigurée de plusieurs manières: premièrement par indifférence pour l'état, ensuite par flatterie, enfin

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Je commencerai cet ouvrage par le second consulat de Galba et l'unique de Vinius. Les 720 premières années de Rome ont été décrites par divers auteurs avec l'éloquence et la liberté dont elles étaient dignes. Mais après la bataille d'Actium, qu'il fallut se donner un maître pour avoir la paix, ces grands génies disparurent. L'ignorance des affaires d'une république devenue étrangère à ses citoyens, le gout effréné de la flatterie, la haine contre les chefs, altérèrent la vérité de mille manières; tout fut loué ou blâmé par passion,

D'ALEMBERT.

par haine du gouvernement, ainsi nos historiens ulcérés ou vendus ont oublié la postérité. Il est vrai qu'elle se défiera aisément des éloges; mais elle recevra avidement les calomnies et les satires: elles ont un faux air de liberté, et les louanges une tache d'esclavage. Pour moi je ne connois Galba, Othon, Vitellius ni par des bienfaits, ni par des injures. Vespasien, je l'avoue, a commencé ma fortune; Tite l'a augmentée, Domitien y a mit le comble: mais un historien qui fait vœu de dire la vérité, doit être sourd à l'amitié comme à la haine. Si les dieux m'accordent des jours, je destine à l'occupation, et à la consolation de ma vieillesse l'histoire intéressante et tranquille de Nerva et de Trajan—temps heureux et rares, où l'on est libre de penser et de parler.

ROUSSEAU.

sans égard pour la postérité; mais en démêlant les vues de ces écrivains elle se prêterait plus volontiers aux traits de l'envie et de la satire, qui flatte la malignité par un faux air d'indépendance, qu'à la basse adulation qui marque la servitude et rebute par sa lacheté. Quant à moi, Galba, Vitellius, Othon, ne m'ont fait ni bien ni mal. Vespasien commença ma fortune, Tite l'augmenta, Domitien l'acheva, j'en conviens; mais un historien qui se consacre à la vérité doit parler sans amour et sans haine. Que s'il me reste assez de vie, je réserve pour ma vieillesse la riche et paisible matière des règnes de Nerva et de Trajan; rares et heureux temps où l'on peut penser librement, et dire ce que l'on pense.

ALAMOS.

El principio de mi obra será el año quo Servio Galba fué consul segunda vez en compañía de T. Vinio. Porque muchos autores escribirón los 720 años del siglo primero de la fundacion de Roma, quando las cosas del pueblo Romano se contaban con igual eloquencia y libertad. Despues que se peleò y vencio en Actio, y que fué necesario para la conservacion de la paz

COLOMA.

Comenzaré este trabajo del consulado de Servio Galba, la segunda vez y de T. Vinio; por qué muchos escritores han dado cuenta de las cosas de aquellos primeros siglos de 720 años despues de la fundacion de Roma; mientras se podian escribir los sucesos del pueblo Romano con igual eloquencia y libertad. Mas despues de la jornada de Actio, y que por la paz universal se re-

ALAMOS.

que el poder y autoridad de todos los ciudadanos se junta y diese á uno solo, fenecieron y se acabaron aquellos grandes ingenios, y tambien se quebrantó y corrompió la verdad en muchas maneras. Lo primero por no tener los autores conocimiento de lo que tocaba á la república, como si les fuera extraña; y tras esto por ser llevados de la codicia y vicio de lisonjear á los mayores; y otras veces por el aborrecimiento que tenían contra los se ores de ella. Y así ninguno de estos tuvo cuidado del provecho de la descendencia, habiendose de caminar entre personas que aborrecian, ó á quienes estaban obligados y sujetos. Pero la ambicion del escritor falsamente la contradiras, pareciendote mal. La reprension, el decir mal y escribir en nota y aborrecimiento de los mayores, esto se escucha y recibe con atencion, y se inclinan los oidos á ello. Porque en la adulacion hay un feo y asqueroso crimen de servidumbre, y en la malignidad y murmuracion una falsa apariencia de libertad. Yo, de Galba, Othon y Vitelio no he tenido conocimiento por injuria ó beneficio que haya recibido de su mano; aunque no negaré que nuestra dignidad se comenzó por Vespasiano, y acrecentó por Tito, y se ensalzó grandemente por Domiciano. Pero los que han profesado guardar en sus escri-

COLOMA.

dujo á uno solo el imperio del mundo, faltaron aquellos floridos ingenios y con ellos la verdad, ofendida en muchas maneras. Principió por la poca noticia de la republica mirandola ya como cosa agena; despues, ó por el gusto de lisonjear, ó por aborrecimiento para con los que mandaban: tal que obligados los unos, y ofendidos los otros, ninguno tuvo cuidado de la posteridad. Cosa facil es vituperar la adulacion del escritor: el reprender, el murmurar de los que gobiernan; esto si que se escucha con atencion; porqué lo primero trae consigo el vituperio de una fea y vil servidumbre, y lo segundo una falsa semejanza de libertad. A Galba, á Othon, y Vitelio ni los conocí por injuria, ni por beneficio; aunque no negaré que nuestra dignidad tuvo principio de Vespasiano, aumento de Tito, y grandeza de Domiciano. Mas el que quiere hacer profesion de fe y de verdad incorrupta, debe escribir las cosas sin aficion y tambien sin odio. Y si tengo vida guardo, como mas fertil y segura materia para mi vejez, el principado del Divo Nerva y el imperio de Trajano; tiempos de rara felicidad, en los cuales es licito entender las cosas como se quisiere, y decirlas como se entendiere.

ALAMOS.

tos entera fè, y sin que haya Nerva y el imperio de Trajano ;
 señal de corrupcion, de cual materia mas abundante y segura
 quièra que tocaren, han de hab- por la rara felicidad de estos
 lar sin amor y sin aborrecimi- tiempos, en que es licito sentir
 ento. Y si la vida me sirve para de las cosas como quisieres, y
 ello, yo he guardado para mi decirlas como las sintieres.
 vejez el principado del Divo

Having thus submitted to the critical acumen of our readers sundry specimens of prose, we now purpose to lay before them a few examples of poetry, to justify the assertion we made that the Spanish language has also high claims to excellence in versification. The following pieces will be found well worthy the attention of students. We begin with those beautiful lines of VIRGIL:¹

“Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra
 Amissos quæritur fœtus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, et mœstis latè loca questibus implet”;

which have been imitated, rather than translated, by BOSCAN,² in his *Ero* and *Leandro*, as follows :

“Cual suele el Ruiseñor entre las sombras
 De las hojas del olmo o de la haya
 La perdida llorar de sus hijuelos ;
 A los cuales sin plumas aleando
 El duro labrador tomó del nido ;
 Lloro la triste pajarilla entónces
 La noche entera sin descanso alguno ;
 Y desde allá do está puesta en su ramo,
 Renovando su llanto dolorido
 De sus querellas hinche todo el campo.”

¹ Georgics, l. 4, v.

² A Spanish poet born at Barcelona. He enjoyed, in a high degree, the favour of Charles V, and was the intimate friend of Garcilaso. He imitated Petrarca. His works were published in Venice, together with those of Garcilaso, in 1553.

GARCILASO even improved this version by adding fluency and softness to the work of his contemporary, which will be easily discovered by comparison :

“ Cual suele el Ruiseñor con triste canto
 Quejarse entre las hojas escondido
 Del duro labrador, que cautamente
 Le despojó su caro y dulce nido
 De los tiernos hijuelos, entretanto
 Que del amado nido estaba ausente ;
 Y aquel dolor que siente
 Con diferencia tanta
 Por la dulce garganta
 Despide, y á su canto el aire suena,
 Y la callada noche no refrena
 Su lamentable oficio y sus querellas,
 Trayendo de su pena
 Al cielo por testigo, y las estrellas.”

And VILLEGAS,¹ imbibing the spirit of the thought, enlarged upon it, with the imagery and poetical brilliancy of his epoch :

“ Yo vi sobre un tomillo
 Quejarse un pajarillo,
 Viendo su nido amado,
 De quien era caudillo,
 De un labrador robado.
 Vile tan congojado,
 Por tal atrevimiento
 Dar mil quejas al viento
 Para que el cielo santo
 Lleve su tierno llanto,
 Lleve su triste acento.
 Ya con triste armonía,
 Esforzando el intento,
 Mil quejas repetía.
 Ya cansado callaba,
 Y al nuevo sentimiento

¹ A Spanish poet, born 1595, died 1669.

Ya sonoro volvia.
 Ya circular volaba :
 Ya rastrero corria :
 Ya pues de rama en rama
 Al rustico seguia ;
 Y saltando en la grama,
 Parece que decia :
 Dame, rustico fiero,
 Mi amada compañía,
 Y que le respondia
 El rustico : “No quiero.”

The students and lovers of the Spanish and Italian languages must decide (if they can) to which of the two following original compositions they feel inclined to give the preference :

METASTASIO.¹

Ecco quel fiero istante ;
 NICE, mia NICE, addio.
 Come vivrò ben mio,
 Così lontan da te ?
 Io vivrò sempre in pene
 Io non avrò più bene,
 E tu chi sa se mai
 Ti sovverrai di me !
 Soffri che in traccia almeno
 Di mia perduta pace
 Venga il pensier seguace
 Su l'orme del tuo piè.
 Sempre nel tuo cammino
 Sempre m'avrai vicino
 Et tu chi sa se mai
 Ti sovverrai di me !
 Io fra remote sponde
 Mesto volgendo i passi,

MELLENDEZ.²

A Dios, mi dulce vida,
 FILIS, á Dios, que el hado
 Mi fin ha decretado
 Y es fuerza ya partir.
 A Dios....ó despedida !
 ¡ O cruel ! ¡ ó fiero instante !
 A Dios....¡ Mi pecho amante
 Podrá sin tí vivir ?
 Sin esos lindos ojos,
 Sin esa amable boca,
 Que al mismo amor provoca,
 ¿ Que dicha podre hallar ?
 Solo angustias y enojos,
 Dudas, llantos y celos.
 ¡ Ay FILI ! ¡ que consuelos
 Para mi ardor templar !
 Y en mi delirio insano,
 A ti tornando fino,

¹ Opere del Metastasio, Parigi, 1780 ; t. v, Canzonetta ultima, p. 448.

² Poesias de Melendez Valdés : Madrid, 1780. Letrilla ultima. La Despedida, p. 300.

*Omision en la
 correccion de
 pruebas.* { *✠* *Coordinaréme en vano
 De aquel felice dia
 Que te juraste mi
 Que te ofreci mi*

30 SKETCH OF THE COMPARATIVE BEAUTIES

METASTASIO.

Andrò chiedendo ai sassi,
La ninfa mia dov' è ?

Dall' una all' altra aurora
Te andrò chiamando ognora
E tu, chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Io rivedrò sovente
Le amene piagge, ó NICE,
Dove vivea felice
Luando vivea con te.

A me saran tormento
Cento memorie e cento,
E tu, chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Ecco, dirò quel fonte
Dove avvampò di sdegno,
Ma poi di pace in pegno
La bella man mi diè.

Qui si vivea di speme ;
Là si languiva insieme ;
E tu, chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Quanti vedrai giungendo
Al nuovo tuo soggiorno,
Quanti venirti intorno
A offrirti amore, e fè !

Oh Dio ! chi sa fra tanti
Teneri omaggio, e pianti,
Oh Dio ! chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

Pensa qual dolce strale
Cara, mi lasci in seno :
Pensa che amò FILENO
Senza sperar mercè.

Pensa mia vita, a questo
Barbaro addio funesto ;
Pensa Ah ! chi sa se mai
Ti sovverrai di me !

MELLENDEZ.

Mil veces el camino
Perderá incierto el pie.

De tu habla deliciosa
El celestial sonido
Conservará mi oído
Para mayor dolor.

Tu imágen engañosa
Creeré tener al lado :
A asirla iré, y burlado
Maldeciré mi error.

Saldrá la fresca aurora
A recordarme aquella
Do á solas muy mas bella
Te me dejaste ver.

Saldrá la fresca aurora
A recordarme aquella
Dó á solas muy mas bella
Te me dejaste ver.

Vendrá la noche ; ahora
Libre diré, la hablaba,
Ahora el mar nos daba
La copa del placer.

Cual colorin cautivo
Luchando noche y día,
La jaula abrir porfia
Y el hierro quebrantar.

Asi ; dolor esquivo !
Dará mi pensamiento
De tormento en tormento
Sin un punto parar.

Te seguiré zelosa,
Te temeré enojada,
Te rogaré olvidada,
Te amansaré cruel.

O blanda y amorosa
Con placidas orejas
Oirás tal vez mis quejas
Tan bella como fiel,

Ref

MELENDEZ.

Ora estés mansa ó cruda,
 Dudes, temas, receles,
 Por mi salud anheles,
 O desdénese mi amor.

Todo en mi pena aguda
 Me angustiará, tu olvido
 Por cierto, por fingido
 ¡Ay FILI! tu favor.

¡Mas tú, mi bien llorosa!
 Tú triste! tú abatida!
 Si estás así, mi vida,
 ¡Cual mi dolor será!

A Dios, á Dios, piadosa
 Te acuerda que un mar hecho
 Me parto....que mi pecho
 Tamas te olvidará.

Having thus presented to the reader, translations from the Latin into Italian, French, and Spanish, we shall beg leave now to place before him one from the Italian into French and Spanish; and for this we have selected the beautiful song of METASTASIO, known by heart by every person of feeling; leaving to critics the decision as to the respective beauties of the different versions:

METASTASIO.

Grazie agl' inganni tuoi
 Al fin respiro, ó NICE,
 Al fin d' un infelice
 Ebber gli Dei pietà.
 Sento da' lacci suoi
 Sento che l' alma è sciolta;
 Non sogno questa volta,
 Non sogno libertà.

Manco l' antico ardore,
 E son tranquillo a segno
 Che in me non trovo sdegno

MELENDEZ.

Merced á tus traiciones,
 Al fin respiro, LICE,
 Al fin de un infelice
 El cielo hubo piedad:
 Ya rotas las prisiones,
 Libre está el alma mia,
 No sueño en este día,
 No sueño libertad.

Cesó la antigua llama,
 Y tranquilo y exento
 Ni aun un despique siento

METASTASIO.

Per mascherarsi amor.

Non cangio più colore
Quando il tuo nome ascolto;
Quando ti miro in volto
Più non mi batte il cor.

Sogno, ma te non miro
Sempre ne' sogni miei;
Mi desto, e tu non sei
Il primo mio pensier.

Longi da te m' aggiro,
Senza bramarti mai;
Son teco e non mi fai
Ne pena ne piacer.

Di tua beltà ragiono
Nè intenerir mi sento;
I torti miei rammento
E non mi so sdegnar.

Confuso più non sono
Quando mi vieni appresso,
Col mio rivale istesso
Posso di te parlar.

Volgimi il guardo altero,
Parlami in volto umano;
Il tuo disprezzo è vano,
E vano il tuo favor.

Che più l' usato impero
Quei labbri in me non hanno,
Quegli occhi più non sanno
La via di questo cor.

Quel che or m' allesta ó spiace,
Se lieto o mesto or sono,
Già non è più tuo dono
Già colpa tua non è.

Che senza te mi piace
La selva, il colle, il prato;
Ogni soggiorno ingrato
M' annoia ancor con te.

MELENDEZ.

Do se disfrazo amor.

Mi rostro no se inflama
Si oigo tal vez nombrarse;
El pecho no al mirarte
Palpita de temor.

Duermo en paz y no creo
Tu imagen ser presente;
Ni al despertar la mente
Se empieza en ti á gozar.

Lejos de ti me veo,
Sin que de tí haga cuenta;
Cerca estoy sin que sienta
Ni gusto ni pesar.

Si hablo en tus perfecciones
No enternecerme siento;
Si mis errores cuento,
Ni aun indignarme sé.

Delante te me pones,
Y ya no estoy turbado;
Con mi rival al lado
Hablar de tí podré.

Mirame en rostro fiero,
Hablame en faz humana;
Tu altanería es vana,
Yes vano tu favor

Que en mí el mandar primero
Perdió tu hablar divino.
Tus ojos, no el camino
Saben del corazon.

Lo que me place ó enfada
Si estoy alegre ó triste,
No en ser tu don consiste
Ni culpa tuya es.

Que ya sin tí me agrada
El prado y selva hojosa;
Toda estancia enojosa
Me cansa aunque allí estés.

METASTASIO.

Odi, s' io son sincero ;
 Ancor mi sembri bella,
 Ma non mi sembri quella
 Che paragon non ha.
 E (non t' offenda il vero)
 Nel tuo leggiadro aspetto
 Or vedo alcun difetto
 Che mi pareva beltà.

Quando lo strai spezzai
 (Confesso il mio rossore)
 Spezzar m' intesi il core,
 Mi parve di morir.

Ma per uscir di guai,
 Per non vedersi oppresso,
 Per racquistar se stesso
 Tutto si può soffrir.

Nel visco, in cui s' avvenne
 Quell' augelin talora,
 Lascia le penne ancora,
 Ma torna in libertà :

Poi le perdute penne
 In pochi dì rinnova ;
 Cauto divien per prova
 Ne più tradir si fà.

So che non credi estinto
 In me l' incendio antico,
 Perchè si spesso il dico,
 Perchè tacer non so :

Quel naturale istinto,
 NICE, à parlar mi sprona,
 Per cui ciascun ragiona
 De' rischj che passò.

Dopo il crudel cimento
 Narra i passati sdegni :
 Di sue ferite i segni
 Mostra il guerrier così.

Mostra così contento
 Schiavo, che uscì di pena

MELENDEZ.

Mira si soy sincero,
 Aun me pareces bella ;
 Pero no, LICE, aquella
 Que parangon no ha.
 Y (no el ser verdadero
 Te ofenda) algun defecto
 Noto en tu lindo aspecto
 Que túve por beldá.

Al romper las cadenas
 (Digolo sonrojado)
 Mi corazon llagado
 Romper se vió y morir.

Mas por salir de penas,
 Y de prision librarse ;
 En fin por rescatarse
 ¡ Que no es dado sufrir !

El colorin trabado
 Tal vez en blanda liga,
 La pluma en su fatiga
 Deja por escapar.

Mas presto matizado
 Se vé de pluma nueva ;
 Ni cauto con tal prueba
 Le tornan á engañar.

Sé que aun no créés extinto
 Aquel mi amor primero ;
 Porqué callar no quiero,
 Y dél hablando estó.

Solo el natal instinto
 Me aguija á hacerlo LICE,
 Con que cualquiera dice
 Los riesgos que sufrió.

Pasadas iras cuento
 Tràs tanto ensayo fiero :
 De la herida el guerrero
 Muestra así la señal.

Así muestra contento
 Cautivo, que de penas

34 SKETCH OF THE COMPARATIVE BEAUTIES

METASTASIO.

La barbara catena
Che strascinava un dì.

Parlo, ma sol parlando
Me soddisfar procuro ;
Parlo, ma nulla io curo
Che tu mi presti fè.

Parlo, ma non dimando
Se approvi i detti miei :
Nè se tranquilla sei
Nel ragionar di me.

Io lascio una inconstante ;
Tu perdi un cor sincero ;
Non so di noi primero
Chi s'abbia a consolar.

So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più, NICE ;
Che un'altra inganatrice
E facile trovar.

MELENDEZ.

Escapó las cadenas
Que arrastró por su mal.

Háblo ; mas solo hablando
Satisfacerme curo ;
Hablo ; mas no procuro
Que credito me dés :

Hablo ; mas no demando
Si apruebas mis razones :
Si á hablar de mí te pones,
Que tan tranquila estés.

Yo pierdo una inconstante,
Tú un corazon sincero :
Yo no sé cual priméro
Se deba consolar.

Sé que un tan fiel amante
No le has de hallar, *traidora* ;
Mas otra embaucadora
Bien facil es de hallar.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

Grâce à tant des tromperies
Grâce à tes coquetteries,
NICE, je respire enfin.
Mon cœur libre de sa chaîne
Ne déguise plus sa peine.
Ce n'est plus un songe vain.

Toute ma flamme est éteinte ;
Sous une colère feinte,
L'amour ne se cache plus.
Qu'on te nomme en ton absence,
Qu'on t'adore en ma présence,
Mes sens ne sont point émus.

En paix sans toi je sommeille,
Tu n'es plus quand je m'éveille
Le premier de mes désirs.
Rien de ta part ne m'agit.
Je t'aborde et je te quitte
Sans regret et sans plaisir.

Le souvenir de tes charmes,
 Le souvenir de mes larmes
 Ne fait nul effet sur moi :
 Juge enfin comme je t'aime,
 Avec mon rival lui-même
 Je pourrois parler de toi.

Sois fière, sois inhumaine,
 Ta fierté n'est pas moins vaine
 Que le seroit ta douceur.
 Sans être ému je t'écoute,
 Et tes yeux n'ont plus de route
 Pour pénétrer dans mon cœur.

D'un mépris, d'une caresse
 Mes plaisirs ou ma tristesse
 Ne reçoivent plus la loi.
 Sans toi j'aime les bocages,
 L'horreur des antres sauvages
 Peut me déplaire avec toi.

Tu me parois encore belle,
 Mais, NICE, tu n'es plus celle
 Dont mes sens sont enchantés.
 Je vois, devenu plus sage,
 Des défauts sur ton visage,
 Qui me sembloient des beautés.

Lorsque je brisai ma chaîne,
 Dieu, que j'éprouvai de peine !
 Hélas ! je crus mourir !
 Mais quand on a du courage
 Pour se tirer d'esclavage,
 Que ne peut-on point souffrir.

Ainsi du piège perfide
 Un oiseau simple et timide
 Avec effort échappé,
 Aux prix des plumes qu'il laisse
 Prend des leçons de sagesse
 Pour n'être plus attrapé.

Tu crois que mon cœur t'adore
 Voyant que je parle encore

Des soupirs que j'ai poussés ;
 Mais tel au port qu'il désire
 Le nocher aime à redire
 Les perils qu'il a passés.

Le guerrier couvert de gloire
 Se plaît, après la victoire
 A raconter ses exploits.
 Et l'esclave exempt de peine
 Montre avec plaisir la chaîne
 Qu'il a trainée autrefois.

Je m'exprime sans contrainte
 Je ne parle point par feinte
 Pour que tu m'ajoutes foi ;
 Et quoique que tu puisses dire,
 Je ne daigne pas m'instruire
 Comme tu parles de moi.

Tes appas, beauté trop vaine,
 Ne te rendront pas sans peine
 Un aussi fidèle amant.
 Ma perte est moins dangereuse,
 Je sais qu'une autre trompeuse
 Se trouve plus aisément.

Another form of versification in which the Spaniards have excelled, is the sonnet—a short composition, which requires the greatest command of rhythm, harmony, and language ; and which has been the favourite employment of several Spanish bards, and particularly of LOPE DE VEGA.¹ In his *Niña de Plata*, the celebrated sonnet VIOLANTE is very happily introduced ; but it is recited therein, by the GRACIOSO, as a poetical effusion :

Un soneto me manda hacer Violante,
 Que en mi vida me he visto en tal aprieto ;
Catorce versos dicen que es soneto,
 Burla burlando van los tres delante.

¹ See the Life and Writings of that poet, by Lord Holland, p. 202. .

Yo créi que no hallára consonante,
 Y estoy á la mitad de otro cuarteto;
 Mas si me véo en el primer terceto,
 No hay cosa en los cuartetos que me espante.
 Por el primer terceto voy entrando,
 Y aun créo que entré con pie derecho,
 Pues fin con este verso le voy dando:
 Ya entré por el segundo; y aun sospecho
 Que voy los *trece* versos acabando:
 Contad si son *catorce*, y está hecho.

LOPE DE VEGA.

This ingenious sonnet has been translated, or imitated, in almost all the European languages. In Italian, by MARINO,—but we much regret not to have in our possession a copy; in English, by EDWARDS, the author of *Canons of Criticism*; in French, by VOITURE and DESMARAIS. Of these three we annex translations:

Capricious *Wray* a sonnet needs must have;
 I ne'er was so put to 't before. A sonnet!
 Why, *fourteen* verses must be spent upon it.
 'T is good, however,—I 've conquer'd the first stave;
 Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
 Said I, and found myself in the midst of the second:
 If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd
 I should turn back on the hardest part, and laugh.
 Thus far, with good success, I think I 've scribbled,
 And of twice seven lines have clear got o'er ten.
 Courage! Another 'll finish the first triplet.
 Thanks to the Muse, my work begins to shorten;
 There 's *thirteen* lines got through, driblet by driblet.
 'T is done! Count how you will, I warrant there 's *fourteen*.

EDWARDS.

Ma foi, c'est fait de moi; car *Isabeau*
 M'a conjuré de lui faire un rondeau.
 Cela me met dans une peine extrême:
 Quoi! *treize* vers, huit en *eau*, cinq en *eme*?
 Je lui ferois aussitôt un bateau.
 En voilà cinq pour tant en un monceau.

Faisons en huit, en invoquant Brodeau,
Et puis mettons par quelque stratagème.

Ma foi, c'est fait.

Si je pouvois encor de mon cerveau
Tirer cinq vers, l'ouvrage sera beau.
Mais cependant, je suis dedans l'onzième;
Et si je crois que je fais le douzième,
En voilà *treize*, ajustez au niveau.

MA FOI, C'EST FAIT.

VOITURE.

DORIS, qui sait qu'aux vers quelquefois je me plais,
Me demande un sonnet; et je m'en désespère.
Quatorze vers! Grand Dieu! le moyen de les faire!
En voilà cependant quatre déjà de faits.
Je ne pouvois d'abord trouver de rime; mais
En faisant, on apprend à se tirer d'affaire.
Poursuivons: les quatrièmes ne m'étonneront guère,
Si du premier tercet je pus faire le frais.
Je commence au hasard; et si je ne m'abuse,
Je n'ai pas commencé sans l'aveu de la Muse.
Puisqu'en si peu de tems je m'en tire du net.
J'entame le second; et ma joie est extrême:
Car des vers commandés j'achève le *treizième*;
Comptez s'ils sont *quatorze*, et voilà le sonnet.

REGNIER DESMARAIS.

And now, since we have already adduced more than one specimen of prose and poetry, to enable critics to pass an opinion upon the claims to superiority which the Spanish pretends to enjoy over the French; and to an equality, at least, with the Italian in rhyme; but of superiority even in prose; we shall make an attempt to prove that for *music* and *singing*, the Spanish is second to none but the Italian.

YRIARTE¹ was of opinion that, with the exception of

¹ "Omnino eos recte sentire qui existimant prout quæque lingua pluribus abundet vocalibus, tanto eam cultiorem esse censendum, nec quinquam ornatui et elegantiae æque obesse quam frequentiam consonarum." (In his poem, *La Musica*.)

this latter language, the Spanish is the best adapted, of all European idioms, for *music*, on account of its majestic expression, its grace, and its flexibility in yielding to every tone. "The softness and variety of a language," says he, "are to be looked for in the abundance of its vowels, these being the *sonorous* and *singing* letters; the consonants, having no articulation of their own, are apt to retard and confound the sound of the former."

Boscio,¹ in support of this doctrine, says, "That a language where the vowels most abound, is the fittest and the best adapted for vocal music; and that the Italian, in which almost every word ends in a vowel, is to be considered the first and best; and, by a logical inference, the contrary may be safely averred of those spoken in the north; for in them consonants prevail, not only at the beginning of the words, but likewise in the middle and at the end.

The only circumstance which has prevented the Spanish from even disputing with the Italian the supremacy for vocal music, is the possession of the terminations *x* and *j* in such words as *relox* or *reloj* (now pronounced *reló*), *carcax*, etc.; but we are ready to assert that such asperities, although not melodious, give a certain strength and vigour to the language, and are, in many instances, not ungraceful. Their number, besides, is so inconsiderable, that the objection loses half its force.

Asperities of sound, however, in the French tongue are very numerous; and the slightest reflection will

¹ De Poematum Cantu et Viribus Rythmi, p. 53.

raise a host of examples to justify the assertion: take, for instance, such words as *arc, turc, parc, musc*; or those where the termination is an *e* mute, *trouble, maître, traître*; or, again, those wherein the French *u* prevails, such as *fût, juge, chute*. Think, again, of the many diphthongs, of half and ambiguous sound, in such words as *feu, bœuf, orgueil, yeux, bruit, joindre*, etc., and say whether the language in which these and similar peculiarities are so plentiful, can at all compete in musical and harmonious cadence with the languages of Italy and Spain.

The Spanish, moreover, from its abundance in words ending in *a* and *o* (the most perfect of the vowels), possesses a notable advantage over the languages spoken in the north. The letter *s*, too, forming the plural of nouns, joined to the terminations in *as* and *es* (such as *hombres, poëtas, infelices*, etc.), occasions so much variety, and imparts to vocalization such sonorousness and majesty, that the scholar becomes constantly reminded of the Greek tongue; while these, and many circumstances of a like nature, drew from Voscirus¹ and other writers of taste, high words of praise.

Referring, again, to the powerful sound of the *j* in such words as the following, *arrojo, coraje, enojo, cruje*, etc., we contend that, so far from being *inharmonious*, it serves to give the syllables wherein it is employed a degree of prominence which is highly advantageous in

¹ "Factum et ingenitam *Hispanorum* gravitatem horum quoque inesse sermoni facile quis deprehendat, siquis crebram repetitionem letteræ *a* vocalium longe magnificentissimæ, ac ita proluxa illorum spectet vocabula. Sed et crebra finalis clausula *o* vel *os* grande quid sonat."—*De Poematum Cantu et Viribus Rythmi*, p. 55.

cases where energy and force are requisite. But a clever writer, who should not hold our opinion, could, if he so pleased, suppress them altogether,—no very difficult task in a language which has produced, as we took occasion to mention in Part the First, no fewer than five novels, in each of which the author suppressed one or other of the vowels. We would ask any French writer whether he would find it as easy an undertaking, in his own language, to avoid the host of words having a *nasal* sound, which, if far from agreeable in ordinary discourse, are positively ugly, if not unbearable, in vocal music ?

The two great rules prescribed by the professors of the vocal science, to arrive at any degree of perfection, consist, 1st, in opening the mouth freely; and 2nd, in conveying the voice from the vocal organs to the lips. But no master has yet been hardy enough to recommend that the sound should be conveyed through the nose. How, then, can a French singer, if strictly following the genius of his language, comply with either of the above rules while pronouncing the *e* mute, or letter *v* ? And again, by what process can he possibly adhere to his instructions, and yet utter the words *chancre, genre, craindre, fondre*, and the like ?

Monsieur BURETTE grew very incensed at the saying of VOSCIIUS,¹ that there did not exist in the French language a word in the form of a dactyle, and made an

¹ “In lingua Gallorum illud imprimis notatu dignum quod nulum in hac vocabulum trisyllabum reperiatur quod dactylum constituat. Tota pene Gallorum lingua constat ex iambis et anapæstio.” —*De Poematum Cantu et Viribus Rythmi*, p. 56.

attempt to prove that *quantité* and *fermeté* were tantamount thereto. In reply, however, to this strange assertion, l'Abbé Don ANTONIO EXIMENO, a Spaniard, in his Italian work, *Dell' Origine e delle Regole della Musica* (Part II, cap. 1), conclusively exposed BURETTE's error; and, moreover, proved to demonstration, in a masterly argument upon the greater or less aptitude of languages for singing, that, next to the Italian, the Spanish had the best qualifications to excel in that bewitching accomplishment. And a distinguished French writer has advanced that, among the European nations there is not one which possesses more natural talents for music than the Spaniards. "Go," he exclaims, "to Seville or Granada, to that smiling Elysium of Andalusia; look at those women so beautiful, so poetical, so romantic; with such graceful and noble forms, with such ardent and sparkling eyes, with voices so impassioned and expressive. Listen to those men of noble and imposing attitude, of characteristic and decided features, with their broad foreheads and penetrating looks. Hearken to the strains of those high-sounding *pandores*, drawn forth by the fingers of some obscure and vulgar *matador*. On one of those splendid summer nights, so frequent in the Iberian peninsula, under a starry sky and soft and balsamic atmosphere, list, in the public walks, to men of the lower classes singing in chorus some of the old *romances* of the country. What cadence! what richness of modulation! what torrents of harmony! Everything proclaims that Spain is essentially *artistic*; and above all, that she is endowed, in an eminent degree, with musical genius."

What scholar is ignorant of those popular songs, imbued with the poetry of local traditions, whose music is so graceful, so lively, so exciting? of those *coplas* and *sarabandas*, in which all the grace and gaiety and elegance of the Spanish people shine forth? Who has not heard of those *fandangos*, *boleras*, and *seguidillas*, danced by the lower classes to the sound of the lively guitar and inspiriting rattle of the castanets? But the memory of these things, and the mental excitement they occasion in all who have ever come within their influence, are carrying us too far. Let us return to the more sober task of examination and comparison.

Notwithstanding the many beauties we have pointed out, the numerous proofs we have adduced to establish a superiority in favour of the Spanish tongue, we still believe it to be no easy task to decide, *à magistro*, whether the Castilian or the French should have the preference; for in points of taste few men are to be found who are unbiassed by the love of their native country, and everything which pertains to it, or by some other motive of an equally powerful nature. In theory, cosmopolites are as abundant as patriots; but when put practically to the test, we soon discover how little they are deserving of the title.

Besides this, it is an undoubted fact that no language is so destitute of admirers, but that champions can be found to break a lance in its defence. LARRAMENDI, for instance, was wont to style the *Vascuence* the "lady language"; BECANO was in love with the Flemish; and Monsieur DE LA TOUR spoke in raptures about

the beauties of the language of the ancient Bretons.¹ English writers have been found to claim on behalf of their tongue a superiority over others derivable from a difference of sex.² The generality of Italians—and BARBADINHO, who was not Italian—award the honour to the Tuscan; Father BONHOURS grants supremacy to the French; TULLIUS gives the Latin priority over the Greek. All this is natural enough; but, prejudice apart, if the ear be considered the sovereign judge of sound, and the perfection of a language may be said to be in its *copiousness*, *harmony*, and *manliness*; in the completeness of its grammar, and the pliability of its syntax, we think there need be little hesitation as to where the balance should incline.

Descanting on the harmony of languages, FEYJÓO observes: "Either one idiom possesses no advantage whatsoever over others, or it has some advantage; and if we admit the second proposition, what judge shall decide the question and award the prize?" He continues: "All persons love and praise the language of their fatherland; and the sound of this or that tongue is only disagreeable to those who are entirely unaccus-

¹ Nouvelles Recherches sur la Langue, l'Origine, et les Antiquités des Brétons.

² "The English language is of a more masculine temperament. It is not only of a different family from the others, but appears of a different sex too. Its virtues are those of a man: indeed, it is the product of a colder climate and a rougher people, and its features may be somewhat coarser than those of its neighbours; but its faculties are more extensive, its conduct more ingenious, and its views more double."—See *Encyclopædia*, by E. Chambers, art. "Language."

tomed to it." To this fact is perhaps due the prevalent opinion with the southern people, that the German and other northern languages have a harsh and unpleasant sound; yet Father KIRCHER avers¹ that German yields the palm to none of the living languages for elegance and grace; and Professor LEMMING,² quoting the words of BÖRNE, exclaims: "What language can be compared with the German? What idiom is there so rich, so powerful, so daring, so abounding in grace, so beautiful, so sweet, as our own? It possesses a thousand hues and a hundred gradations of shade. It abounds in words to express all things, from the most insignificant want on *earth*, to the indefinite sentiment that *eternity* itself cannot exhaust. It is vigorous and manly when occasion requires, terrible in wrath, in compassion tender, flexible in ambiguities, and pliable to express all our wants. It is the faithful interpreter of all the idioms of *heaven* and *earth*, the wind and the expanse of waters. It conveys to us the roarings of the unchained elements, the sweet confidences of love, the thousand noises of the busy day, and the sepulchral silence of the night. It portrays to us the lovely tints which usher in the dawn, and likewise gives a form to the intensest meditations of the kings of thought; it imitates the soft lisp of infant tongues, the gentle murmuring of rivulets, the sharp hissing of the snake, the prattling of children, and the grave lucubrations of the aged philosopher, when in the act of imparting his

¹ In his *Torre de Babel*.

² In his inaugural address, in Spanish, to the classes of the German language, at the Real Instituto de Madrid, Nov. 26th, 1855.

stores of knowledge. In fine, everything, by its medium, is expressed with all possible strength; and all things that are given to it, reissue from its crucibles in richer and brighter coin."

With respect to the degree of *harmony* to which this language, so eloquently described, can lay claim, the learned CATEDRATICO observes: "It may not, perhaps, boast of the *harmony* and *sweetness* of the language of CERVANTES, or of the musical cadence of the tongue of DANTE and BOCCACCIO; but for all that, the German is not destitute of melody. The same effect occurs with languages as with a concert of various instruments, wherein each one contributes its mite to produce a general and enchanting combination."

We may also remark that persons thoroughly conversant with German have assured us that it is admirably adapted for military command; and a facetious author has quaintly added, that the word "*achtung!*" ("attention!") followed by "*schultert das gewehr!*" ("shoulder arms!"), must inevitably carry confusion and alarm into the ranks of the foe; and that when these preliminary orders are succeeded by others conveyed in the same crushing idiom, disastrous rout and discomfiture must inevitably follow among those of the enemy who are near enough to catch the sounds.

What a striking contrast to these awe-inspiring words is afforded by the Italian, when used upon the same occasion. Why, if at the mere utterance of the *achtung* and *schultert das gewehr* of the Germans, terror and dismay would be the immediate result in the ranks of their opponents, the lady-like terms of the Italians

must, by a parity of reasoning, make all anger and war-like fire merge into philological admiration.¹

Seriously speaking, both this excess of energy and excess of softness are, to a certain extent, defects, and not beauties; and it is because the Castilian holds a middle course between the two, that it deservedly assumes a higher place than either. Untinctured by the roughness, not to say *harshness*, of the idioms of the north, it has a manly plenitude and robustness unsurpassed by any European tongue; joined to which, the combinations and abundance of its vowels, impart to it all that melodiousness and delicacy for which the *favella Toscana*, the “soft, bastard Latin,”² as Byron wittily entitles it, has become remarkable.

And now, being of opinion that a few general examples from the European languages will not be displeasing to our readers, we beg to lay the following before them, as a means to enable those who are not conversant with studies of the kind, to judge for them-

¹ We failed to discover that either of these effects was produced among the combatants in the late passages of arms in Lombardy. This may be, perhaps, attributed to the indifferent ear of the Zouaves on the one hand, or the defective taste of the Austrians on the other.

² “I love the language, that soft, bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet south,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern, whistling, grunting, guttural,
Which we’re obliged to hiss and spit and sputter all.”

LORD BYRON, *Beppo*, st. XLIV.

selves concerning some of the peculiarities that distinguish the various continental tongues. Very slight investigation will enable the least observant to discover how much *harsher* and more *grating* are those spoken in the north of Europe, than the idioms which have been created under a more genial sky, and have been matured by the sunshine and transparent atmosphere of the south. Take, for instance, the fine Greek word *Theos* as a name for the Divinity, and observe how it has been treated by the various languages which have adopted it. The Germans have converted it into *Gott*, the English into *God*; the French have changed it into *Dieu*, the Italians into *Dio* or *Iddio*; while the Spaniards, mindful of the grandeur and fulness of the original, have adopted the word *Dios*,—a combination as sonorous as the Greek itself.

The Poles, to express a *cock-chaffer*,—in French, *han-neton*; in German, *maikäfer*; in Spanish, *escarabajo*; and in Italian, *scarafaggio*,—have adopted the word *chrzaszcz*; for the utterance of which no fewer than *eight consonants* have to be groaned or whistled, and the very thought of pronouncing which must throw any one but a Pole into despair. And this same ingenious people use such words as *szpiegowaé*, for *to spy*, *espionner*, *espíar*; *zabrzniec*, for *to sound*, *sonner*, *sonar*; and a word with nine consonants, *razacyblaskilm*, for *sounding*, *éclatant*, *sonante*.

The German *pechschwarz*, *pitchy*, *negro como la pez*; *dampfschiffahrt*, *steam navigation*, *navegacion de vapor*; *schlingpflanze*, a climbing-plant,—and others in equally common use; such names of individuals as

Captain Niddermannsteininchwanchioniengen, an Austrian officer, whose card, to the horror of a friend, was once left at his door. Such designations of places as *Schweidnitz*, a town in Silesia; and *Stuttgart*, *Württemberg*, and a host of others, which a glance at a dictionary, or a map, or a list of names, will present to the investigator, fully prove our assertion as to the general harshness of the northern dialects; and however those who have heard them from their cradle may have become habituated to their sound, the ear of an impartial arbiter cannot fail to recognize a vast difference between them and such names as *Alba de Tormes*, *Medina del Campo*, *Valladolid*, *Sevilla*, *Alcalá de los Gazules*, *Tudela*, *Barcelona*, *Zaragoza*, etc; a difference, too, as greatly in favour of the latter as it is broad and marked.

We could swell out this portion of our theme to a degree which would, we fear, be tiresome, and could extend our remarks respecting other points of superiority of the Spanish language far beyond the limits of these scanty pages. The length to which they have already grown bids us forbear. But before dismissing the subject altogether, and taking leave of our readers, we would fain bring to their notice the names of some modern Spanish writers, with the greater willingness as an opinion is too prevalent in this country, that, since Cervantes, few authors of repute have appeared upon the scene. And yet how much have these men not done to enrich the literature and perfect the language of their country! Delving, like miners, among the rich veins of sterling ore, and bringing forth in quick succession the treasures which were ever cropping to the

surface. We rejoice at the opportunity thus offered of introducing a few of these worthies to the attention of our friends and pupils; and we will then leave it to them to say whether we have not triumphantly shewn that the charge brought by RIVAROL, of the *sterility* or *poverty* of the Spanish language, was as groundless as it was puerile; and whether we have not proved to demonstration that a literature from which France herself has borrowed so largely,¹ and which is still so worthily upheld, is deserving of all the encomiums passed upon it by the most distinguished and enlightened writers of Germany, England, and even France; and such names, in our opinion, will suffer no disparagement from a comparison with those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the bright ages and boast of Spain.

Let us begin with the President of the Royal Academy of History. To his indefatigable efforts the literary world owes a large debt of gratitude for the publication of two additional volumes to his valuable and interesting collection, *Viajes y Descubrimientos hechos por los Navegantes Españoles durante los Siglos XV y XVI*.

DON ANDRES MURRIEL has brought out a volume of memoirs and papers, never before published, relating to the glorious reign of Carlos III, and the highly enlightened administration of his famous ministers, Aranda

¹ It was Voltaire who said of *his language*, "La langue française est une gueuse fière à laquelle il faut faire de l'aumône malgré elle." How would France have liked so bitter a sarcasm to have emanated from a stranger?

and Floridablanca. And besides this, he has enriched Spanish letters with his excellent translation of Coxe's popular *History of the Kings of the House of Bourbon*, which he has adorned with critical and historical notes that render the work more valuable. He has also appended to it many authentic documents which had escaped the investigation of the author.

MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA has produced another volume of his political and philosophical work, *The Spirit of the Age*, as also the second volume of his interesting historical novel, *Isabel de Solis*. This writer, however, is so well known to the enlightened public as the author of many and valuable works, that, with this simple mention of his name, and a respectful bow, we may pass him by to make room for others of less European reputation.

And yet such designation scarcely belongs to BRETON DE LOS HERREROS, a writer who has very recently been compared by French critics to their own SCRIBE. Besides several works of high renown, he has of late adorned the literature of his country with a most ingenious drama, *La Vieja* (The Old Woman), which has been received with perfect *furor* in all the playhouses of Madrid. Another piece by the same author, scarcely inferior in merit, is the *Vellido Dolfos*, wherein the poet has delineated with the imagery and power which distinguish his fertile pen, the murder of Don Sancho II of Castile, before the ramparts of Zamora; the ambitious intrigues of Doña Urraca, sister of Alfonso VI, the conqueror of Toledo; and the almost fabulous deeds and prowess of El Cid; combined with many other of

the most interesting and romantic incidents of that eventful epoch of Spanish history.

DON PROSPERO BARAFULL, Secretary, Librarian, and Keeper of the Royal Archives of Arragon, has earned for himself high praise for the profound investigation and impartial criticism which he has brought to bear upon his erudite work of the *Condes de Barcelona*.

AROLA, the poet, has infused into his chivalrous compositions the quaint spirit and antique colour of the old chronicles, and into his oriental writings the brilliant hues and golden atmosphere of the sunny regions of the East. A celebrated contemporary has observed, "I do not know whether AROLA has ever been in Constantinople; but on perusing his oriental writings, I figure the author to myself as a veritable Turk, with large red and white turban, who, perfectly conversant with the language and literature of Spain, sings of his own land while sojourning in ours; so exact is the local colouring imparted to the scenes he is desirous of bringing before the minds of his readers."

JAIME BALMES, Presbyter, who died about ten years since, aged only thirty-three, also stands high in the estimation of his compatriots. He wrote *Protestantism compared with Catholicism, in its Relations to European Civilization*;—*Fundamental Philosophy*;—*The Criterion*; and several other classical works,—all of them replete with profound research, remarkable for brilliant diction, and, what is even rarer in Spanish composition, a sweet simplicity of style. BALMES was gifted with a broad understanding, clear conception, and precise reasoning powers, which enabled him not

only to grasp the whole of his subject with a master mind, but to analyze each portion of it with unerring accuracy. So highly, indeed, are we disposed to rate the powers and compositions of BALMES, that we have no hesitation in ranking him with Bossuet and Fénelon, and believe that, in many particulars, he is superior to those great masters.

To MARTI Y EIXALA', a lawyer and profound thinker, Spain is indebted, among other works, for the *Institutions of Mercantile Law*. He was a member of the Cortes for the province of Catalonia, and professor of civil law of Barcelona.

MORON, again, is a shrewd and profound writer. His *Course of Spanish Civilization* is a remarkable work. Laconic in style, and a close reasoner, he has condensed into a few pages matter for as many volumes; for he has portrayed, *á grandes rasgos*, the most influential events in the *Rise and Decline* of Spain. Setting aside, in a masterly way, all details which are uninteresting or unimportant, he arranges, in a most lucid manner, such facts and traits as are fitted to bring the periods vividly before the reader, and impress the whole upon his memory. MORON has written history somewhat after the fashion created by Machiavelli, and in which Guizot has acquired so deserved a reputation.

The Marquis DE VALDEGAMAS is a writer upon metaphysical subjects, who has analyzed and probed the phenomena of the soul; uniting with much judgment and ability the studies of the idealist with those upon social subjects and morals.

PATRICIO ESCOSURA, a publicist of renown, has written

an extensive work on geography, and is at this present time engaged in publishing *The Constitutional History of England*, in parts.

As a dramatic writer, GARCIA GUTIERREZ holds a deservedly high place. His *Trobador*, a romantic drama, would alone be sufficient to immortalize his name. It is looked upon by all the literati of Europe as a piece of finished workmanship; and, like many other compositions of renown, has been seized upon by a musical *maestro*, and converted into an opera. The *libretto*, however, of Verdi's *Trovatore* is but a meagre sketch of the great original.

Among European geniuses whose names will descend to posterity as the leading literary men of the age in which they have lived, ZORRILLA must occupy a very high place in connexion with the literature of Spain. His works are in the hands of all scholars who pride themselves upon being *au courant* of contemporary literature. His productions are numerous, and are all good. Among his dramatic pieces, Parts I and II of the king *Pedro el Cruel*, and his *Don Juan Tenorio*, are every way remarkable.

ESPRONCEDA, who died recently, and in the prime of his age, was a poet destined to make a revolution in Spanish poetry, and is looked upon with truth as one of the brightest ornaments of modern Spanish letters. His poems, at the head of which figures *El Diablo Mundo*, were edited by the learned Hartzenbusch, the style and modes of thought of ESPRONCEDA being better known to that learned authority than perhaps to any of his compatriots.

Great names so throng upon us as we proceed, that there is danger of our losing sight of the object with which we set out, and the natural limits of a paper like the present. Ere we close, we would succinctly observe that a vast change has taken place of late in the literature of Spain. As the more recent devotees of letters have travelled on their way, they have gradually abandoned the erroneous track trodden by their predecessors, and listening only to the dictates of their genius, have struck out a new and original path for themselves. Like all pioneers, their course is of necessity marked with occasional ruggedness and eccentricity; but, on the other hand, it is a fine exhibition of power and skill, and is often strown with wild flowers of such freshness and beauty, that we cannot in our admiration pause to criticize their shapes and their perfume.

Among such men whom we have ventured to style *pioneers*, may be cited, as lyric and dramatic poets, ESPRONCEDA, of whom we have just made mention, BERMUDEZ DE CASTRO, ESCOSURA, DONCEL, GRIJALBA, VILLADARES, and CAMPO AMOR. To these must be added, GIL DE ZARATE, BRETON DE LOS HERREROS, HARTZENBUSCH, and ZORRILLA; and we should be unjust were we to leave unrecorded the name of Don RAMON MESONERO ROMANOS, who continues the ingenious and satirical vein which rendered *Larra* so popular from 1834 to 1838.

In other departments of *belles lettres*, this original turn of mind is visible in the *Manual of Literature* of GIL DE ZARATE; in the *Essay upon the Ancient Spanish Theatre*, by MORON; in the *Dramatic Chronicle*,

by HARTZENBUSCH; and in the dramas and romances of the Duke DE RIVAS, who appears to have been inspired by the customs, traditions, and creeds, of the nation. The drama, indeed, promises to become as prolific as in the palmy days of Spanish literary preeminence; for in less than a year upwards of a hundred pieces have been acted in the three principal theatres of Madrid, whereof more than thirty were original. The authorship of these compositions, all of which are good, and many replete with beauties, is due to the prolific pens of RIVAS, GIL DE ZARATE, ZORRILLA, HARTZENBUSCH, BRETON DE LOS HERREROS, GUTIERREZ, DONCEL, VALLADARES, RUBI, ASQUERINO, and others.

Here our self-allotted task must close. But ere laying down our pen, we cannot refrain from recording what we fondly consider as a flattering testimony to the truth of our eulogium upon the improving condition of Spanish literature, the intelligence just gathered from the public papers, that the Academy of Sciences of Brussels has elected as one of their members, Don MODESTO LAFUENTE, whose "important historical labours" have earned him this unsolicited honour; and that the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich has conferred the same honourable distinction upon her Catholic Majesty's librarian, the ripe oriental scholar, Don PASCUAL GAYANGOS.

With names so imposing as those we have submitted to our readers, with works so remarkable as those to which we have alluded,—all produced within the present century,—we are justified in believing that the literature of Spain must, before many more years have

elapsed, necessarily excite increased attention from the rest of Europe, and take up a position in the world of letters not unworthy of the fame of LOPE and MORETO, of TIRSO, CERVANTES, and CALDERON. It would be a source of pride, indeed, if our weak words could induce but *one* curious student to approach this fount of pure and unsuspected delight, and drink deeply of the gushing waters.

APPENDIX.

CRITICAL REMARKS UPON PART I.

FROM "THE CRITIC," JULY 2, 1859.

"WE have, in this little tract, a most interesting comparison between the French and Spanish languages, in which the writer (naturally perhaps) advocates the preeminence of his native tongue. He also awards it the palm over Italian; and we shall not attempt now to dispute his conclusions. Spanish is not, perhaps, the language of conversation; though any one who has heard an educated Spaniard converse, will think that it need not hastily disclaim this honour. There is a sonorous sweetness in Spanish, as well as a copiousness, which make us not unwilling to allow that it may claim the crown of the lingual queen of beauty. We want, however, no better proof than that, when a nation degenerates, its speech degenerates with it, than the present state of the language of Spain. Her near neighbour, France, has all the requisite terms which furnish the nomenclature to railroads and merchandize. As Spain has few canals or railroads, so she has little merchandize; and her language is proportionally deficient in all modern mercantile terms. It would be an amusing, and, we think, not difficult study, for the philologist to decide why the French have three or more words to express 'shepherd', while the Spanish have but one, etc. We can easily see why the latter have but one word to express 'hunger', while the French have at least two; but we are almost surprised that the Spaniards have but one word to signify a 'negro.' Cuba alone, we should imagine,

might have enabled them to double the vocabulary of this word. This is an interesting little pamphlet, and well worth the attention of philologists."

FROM "THE LITERARY GAZETTE," JULY 23, 1859.

"'A Sketch of the Comparative Beauties of the French and Spanish Languages,' by MANUEL DE MORENTIN, reminds us of that fable wherein the man proves his own superiority to the lion by shewing that noble beast a marble group representing the overthrow of the king of the forest by a human athlete. Every one knows the lion's sagacious answer. So it is with Señor DE MORENTIN. He being a Spaniard, there is no need to state he very absolutely concludes that the Spanish language is infinitely superior to the French ; and a very natural conclusion this is, if 'the preeminence which one language possesses over another is traceable to two main causes, harmony and copiousness.' But a patriotic Englishman must question this postulate. He must declare the lingual superiority to consist in compact breadth, direct meaning, short, plain-speaking phrases ; while a Frenchman must urge a Pyrrhic style of language, moving rapidly, brilliantly, and inimitably. And so the friendly and justifiable contest must continue, with no amnesty to follow ; for on such a field all truce would be dishonourable ; though it must be confessed Señor DE MORENTIN is extremely desirous of elevating his native Spanish, for he quotes an author to the effect that 'the Spanish tongue, far from deserving to be looked upon as a corruption of the Latin, ought rather to be considered as an improvement upon that language.' With a friendly nod we may dismiss the pamphlet, respecting its author's patriotism, but agreeing with Mr. ALFRED ELWES, who writes the preface, that every language has its special splendour, which is only increased by contrast with its sister tongues."

BY SAME AUTHOR.

A SKETCH OF THE
COMPARATIVE BEAUTIES OF THE FRENCH
AND SPANISH LANGUAGES.

PART I.

By MANUEL MARTINEZ DE MORENTIN,

PROFESSOR OF THE SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

WITH

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY ALFRED ELWES, Esq.

Some few copies of this First Part are still on sale at the Publishers, Messrs. TRUBNER & Co., Paternoster Row; as also at Mr. EFFINGHAM WILSON'S, Royal Exchange; and at the AUTHOR'S, No. 3, St. George's Terrace, Lonsdale Square, Islington, N. Price, post free, 1s. 6d.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, ETC.

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From “The Atlas,” Dec. 12, 1857.

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From a Selection of English Synonimes. Edited by the
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“In speaking of Spanish derivations, we cannot refrain from referring those who have a taste for that beautiful language, to the interesting work entitled *Estudios Filológicos*, by Don MANUEL MARTINEZ DE MORENTIN.”

From the “Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes.”
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From “The Athenæum,” June 12, 1858.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, ETC.

From opinion of ANTONIO GIL DE TEJADA, *Esq.*,
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From opinion of ALFRED ELWES, *Esq.*, *author of various*
works on Philology and Belles Lettres.

"This volume will be found of great advantage to all students of the Castilian tongue; and there are few persons who deem themselves even masters of the language, but will derive inestimable benefit from an investigation of the rules and examples spread over the first portion of the work."

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"I have read your work, *Estudios Filológicos*, and find it interesting, varied, and most serviceable to every class of readers."

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS, ETC.

From opinion of the HON. CAPTAIN CARY.

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